

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1976 • \$1.25

# PLAYBOY

**A SIZZLING  
PICTORIAL:  
SEX IN THE  
GREAT  
OUTDOORS**



**PLAYBOY'S  
PRO FOOTBALL  
PREVIEW  
ISRAEL'S SECRET  
TEAM OF  
EXECUTIONERS  
A PERSONAL  
ACCOUNT OF  
THREE-WAY SEX  
ROBERT ALTMAN INTERVIEW**



# Pioneer has conquered the one big problem of high-priced turntables.

## The high price.

The best way to judge the new Pioneer PL-510 turntable is to pretend it costs about \$100 more. Then see for yourself if it's worth that kind of money.

First, note the precision-machined look and feel of the PL-510.

The massive, die-cast, aluminum alloy platter gives an immediate impression of quality. The strobe marks on the rim tell you that you don't have to worry about perfect accuracy of speed at either 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  or 45 RPM.

The S-shaped tone arm is made like a scientific instrument and seems to have practically no mass when you lift it off the arm rest. The controls are a sensuous delight to touch and are functionally grouped for one-handed operation.

But the most expensive feature of the PL-510 is hidden under the platter. Direct drive. With a brushless DC servo-controlled motor. The same as in the costliest turntables.

That's why the rumble level is down to -60 dB by the super-stringent JIS standard. And that's why the wow and flutter remain below 0.03%. You can't get performance like that with idler drive or even belt drive. The PL-510 is truly the inaudible component a



For under \$200, you can now own the direct-drive PL-510.

turntable should be.

Vibrations are damped out by the PL-510's double-floating suspension. The base floats on rubber insulators inside the four feet. And the turntable chassis floats on springs suspended from the top panel of the base. Stylus hopping and tone arm skittering become virtually impossible.

But if all this won't persuade you to buy a high-priced turntable, even without the high price, Pioneer has three other new models for even less.

The PL-117D for under \$175\*. The PL-115D for under \$125\*. And the amazing PL-112D for under \$100\*.

None of these has a rumble level above -50 dB (JIS). None of them has more wow and flutter than 0.07%.

So it seems that Pioneer has also conquered the one big problem of low-priced turntables.

The low performance.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074.

**PIONEER**

Anyone can hear the difference.





## 200 MOTELS, OR, HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

*photographer helmut newton  
fantasizes in the tradition of "lolita"*

THE RADIO is playing a song by the Amazing Rhythm Aces. Something about a *Low Rent Rendezvous*. Your young friend is bored. She is unimpressed by the literary shames of Key West, Florida. Who cares if Papa passed out here? You try again to convince her of the importance of your travels. You are writing a novel. "Why the camera?" Historical research. Nixon had his tape recorder. You have your Polaroid. You are searching for America. You don't have far to look. You find America in the first motel you check into. Family units. TV. A complete line of bait. (Yes, even that kind.) You study your companion. She could pass for the girl who stars in the X-rated version of *Alice in Wonderland*. Kristine De Bell. Lewis Carroll liked little girls, too.







You suspect that the manager suspects. You continue to look for America and check into another motel, a few blocks down the road. The car is too hot for travel. The seat cover is mildly adhesive, dryly passionate. It clings to the thighs of your companion like a high school kiss. You invent a new alias. You cannot keep names straight. What is this motel called? The Come Right Inn? The Forbidden View Court? No. As a rule, you avoid a motel that calls itself court. The word makes you a bit nervous.







No. This motel is called the Bewitched Fishermen—for the dangling anglers who compare the sizes of their catches, wondering why they have to throw back those that are too small. Your companion reclines on the Magic Fingers vibrating bed and hums a tune. Later she seeks refuge in a cool, dark corner, barely illuminated by two reading lamps. There is nothing to read. She longs for a *True Romance* magazine. A *Seventeen*. A *Silver Screen*. A *National Enquirer*. Just what is Cher doing these days? Or Donny Osmond?





The click of the shutter attracts her attention, but only for a moment. She does not wonder what you see in her. She knows. She cools herself in front of the air conditioner. What was the name of that first motel? She is hungry. She plays with the louvred windows. Named for the museum in France. If she gets the angle right, she can get an all-over tan without leaving the room. She will not leave the room. Her clothes, in case you were wondering, are down at the coin-operated laundromat. They have been there for the past three days. Being cleaned. Sounds of traffic filter through the windows with the sunlight. Guests pause on their way to other rooms. Yes, she is old enough to be your daughter.











*"Hello, there—you were asleep, so I took  
the liberty of screwing you!"*





*"When I gave your husband the go-ahead to have sex after his heart attack, I didn't expect. . ."*

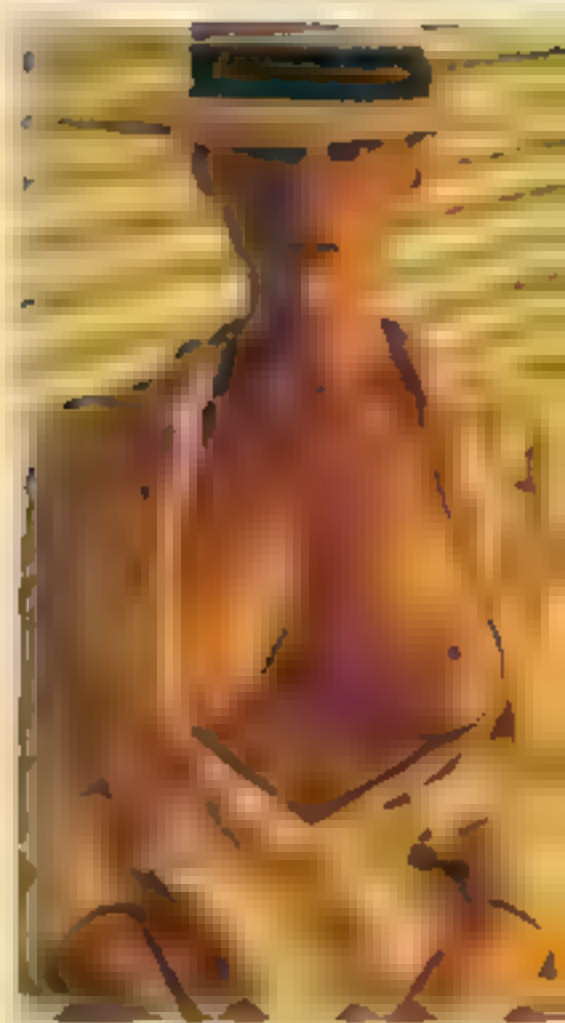






our august playmate prizes her privacy  
but there are some things  
she's willing to share with the world

our august playmate prizes her privacy  
but there are some things  
she's willing to share with the world

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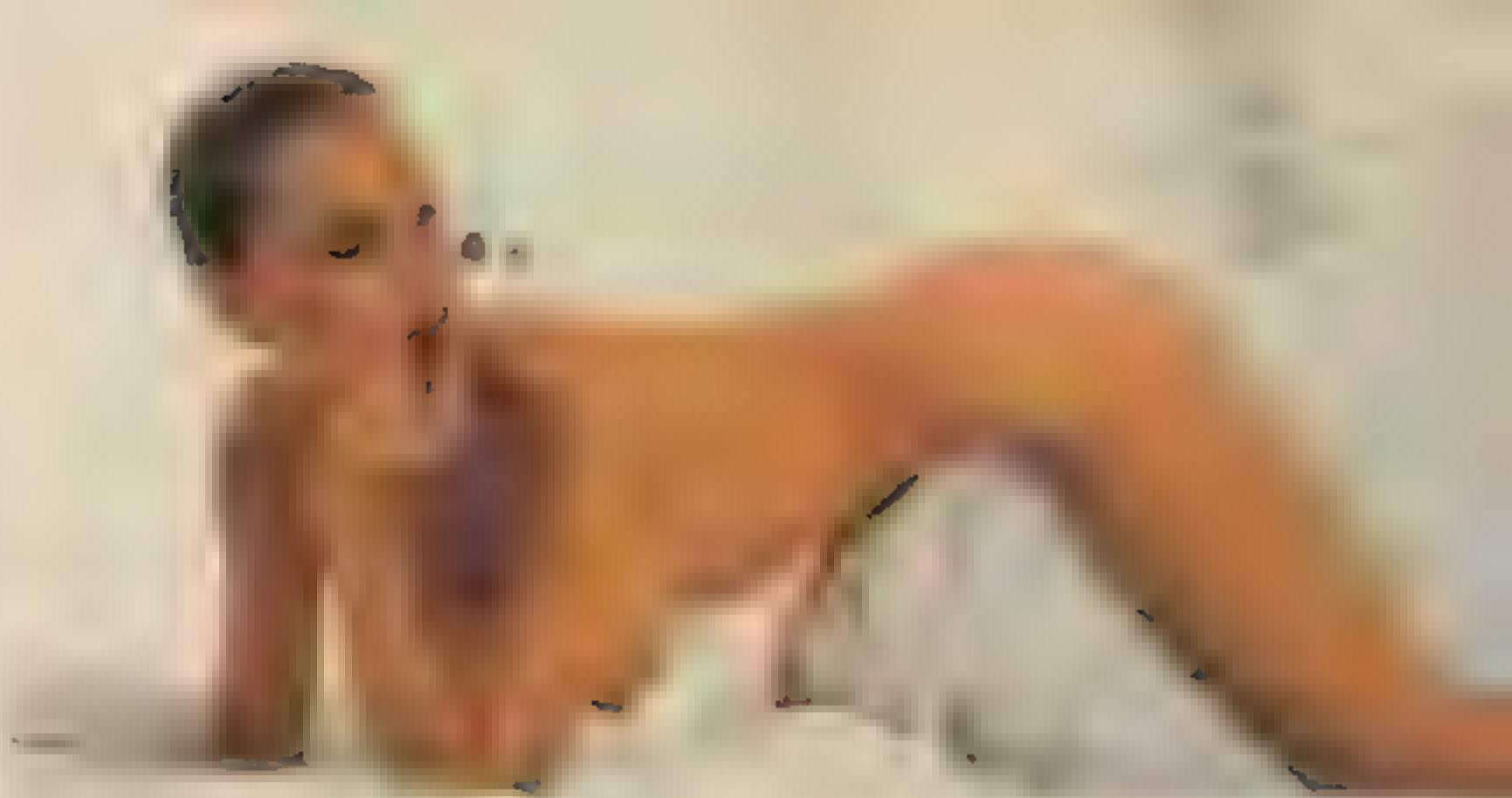
*The greatest luxury in my life is solitude. My phone is disconnected. I come and go as I please. Freedom, to me, is choosing the time I want to be with others."*







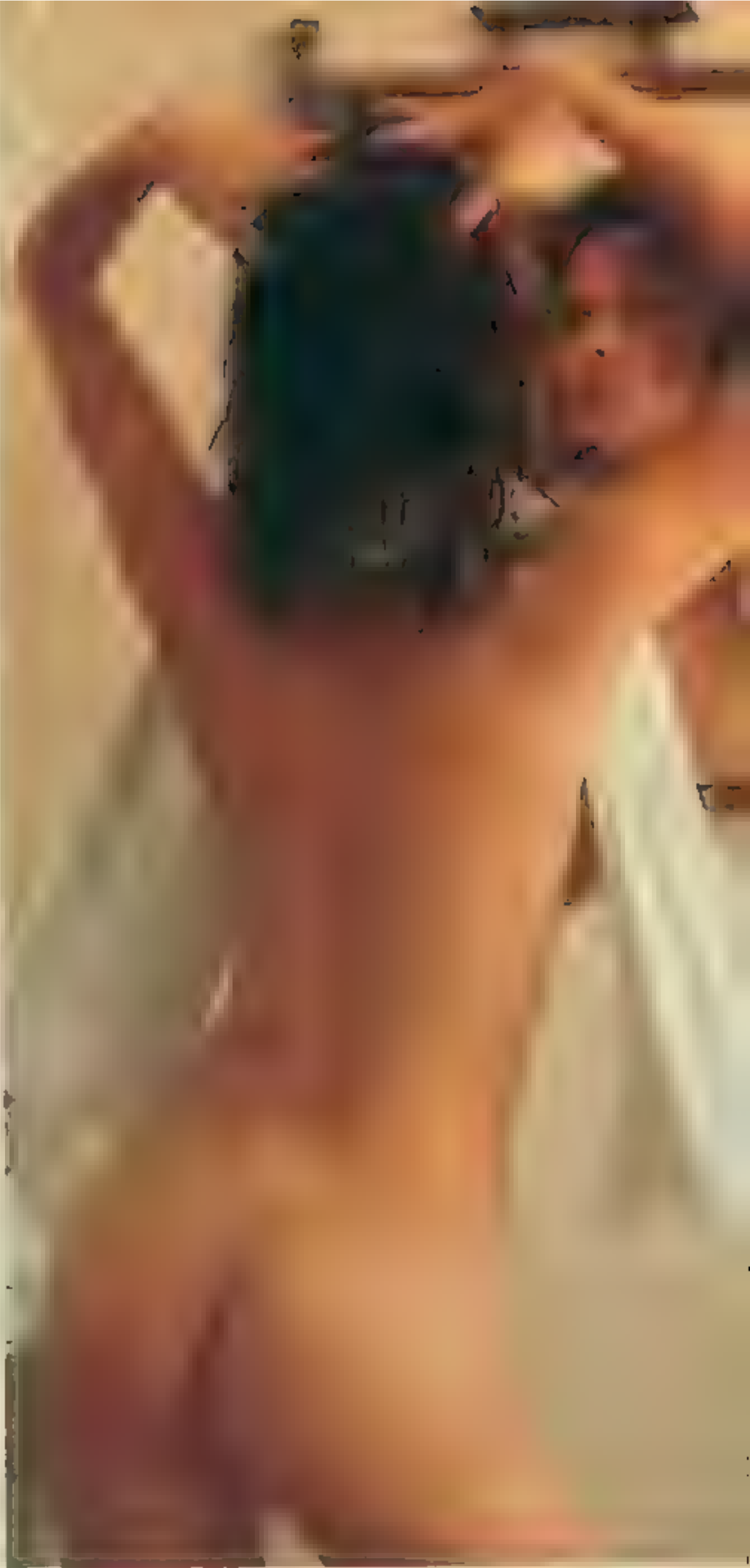
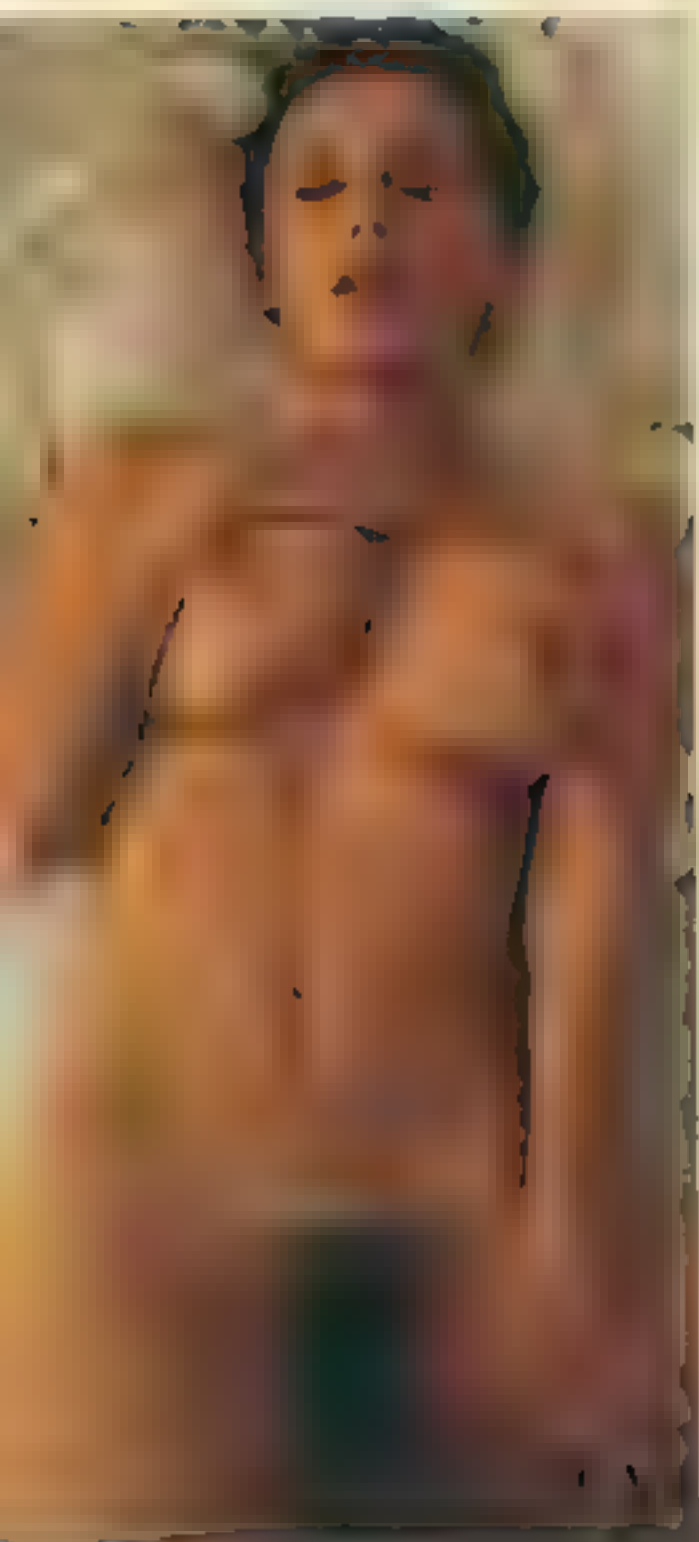
"I was an artist  
before I became a  
model. I still go  
to museums and  
movies to study  
beautiful images.  
I just saw 'Em-  
manuelle, the Joya  
of a Woman.' I  
admired the hero-  
ine. She chose her  
own men and her  
own experiences.  
In a way, she was  
an artist, too."



"That film had a  
very sexy, sexy  
quality. It made  
me want to be  
there, to be doing  
the same things  
in the same places.  
Since it dealt  
with sex in Bali  
and Bangkok,  
it was sort of a  
travelog for the  
body. I would  
like to see a film  
that could do  
the same thing for  
the other 99 per-  
cent of life."







The dress is a black and white  
 patterned dress, with a high collar  
 and long sleeves. The dress is made  
 of a dark fabric, possibly velvet or  
 silk, and has a high collar. The dress  
 is shown in a full-length view, with the  
 woman standing in a room with a  
 patterned rug and a dark background.



could get." It was not the first time that Linda had failed to recognize a favorite celebrity. On a cross-country flight, a white-haired man in the seat next to her introduced himself as Bucky. "I thought he was a lettuce farmer but it turned out that he was Buckminster Fuller. I had read all of his books, but I had never seen his picture. We spent the whole flight talking about domes and energy." We've all had the same problem: we see a movie, we don't know what the director looks like. "Fuller looks like his ideas—bizarre, above. He's very convincing." Linda has never stopped reading. She graduated from a small town high school in western Kentucky where she was a cheerleader and went on to attend the University of Kentucky and New College in Sarasota, Florida, on art scholarships. When she learned she could make a living and support her artistic endeavors as a high fashion model, she dropped out of college. Now that she lives in L.A., people sometimes mistake her for a celebrity.

When my agent sent some of my photographs to the casting director of Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*, and a few days later I received a message congratulating me for landing one of the few female roles, I called up and said "I'm sorry but you must have the wrong person." But they really wanted me. Linda plays, of all things, a Playmate who entertains the troops at a U.S.O. show emceed by Wolfman Jack. Art follows life. If you ever bump into Linda and she tells you she's a Playmate, believe her.

*What are my reasons for becoming a Playmate? Oh, I suppose I want to show my body to the world. To say 'Hello out there. Enjoy!'"*







*"I have no desire to live exclusively for one person. That would be unhealthy. Right now, I'm dating several people who are into different things—a photographer, a schoolteacher, a mail-room assistant. Working out our differences teaches me about myself. Variety isn't the spice of life—it is life"*







# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

With a few drinks under her belt, the amazon in the tavern was expounding on the women's liberation movement and about how she could get along very nicely without the male sex. After he had listened to her harangue for a while, the quiet sapper a few barstools down suddenly interrupted. "OK, Miss Smartass," he rumbled, "if your vibrator can do anything a man can do, let's see it pay for the next round of drinks!"

Upon being asked by his father if he knew about the birds and the bees, the pubescent boy exploded. "Look, Pop," he exclaimed, "for me there was no Santa Claus at six, no Easter bunny at seven, no tooth fairy at eight and no stork at ten—and now if you're saying that grownups don't really screw, I've had it!"



A novice streetwalker in a small city, still enthusiastic about her profession, was advised by a veteran colleague to pay attention to prospects' feet, since there was a relationship between their size and that of the basic masculine endowment. A few nights later, she spotted a strapping farm youth wearing a formidable pair of clodhoppers, cashayed up and soon had him in a nearby hotel.

Twenty minutes later, as they parted, the girl hesitated in the doorway and then pulled some bulls out of her cleavage. "Here, hayseed," she said, "here's your money back. For God's sake, go buy yourself a pair of shoes that fit!"

While in Brisbane, he happened to blunder  
On the reason girls there are fecunder.

*They've stock genitalia,*

*But girls in Australia,*

*Every day of their lives, are down under!*

You know, Harry made love to me through an entire TV program last night," the housewife told her neighbor and confidante. "The only trouble is, it was *The Bicentennial Minute*."

Conceivably, you've heard about the nun who was two monks behind in her period.

Year after year, the college coach had turned out losing teams, to the point where there were campus demonstrations demanding his removal. One perky little cheerleader remained fiercely loyal to the man, however. "I don't understand you, Cindy," said a friend one day. "How can you defend that futile incompetent?"

Cindy bristled; but then she smiled. "You see, Marge," she answered brightly, "coach Anderson isn't only hung in ethgy!"

Although the famous president of the giant corporation kept importuning his stunning secretary, she kept insisting that she loved her husband and consequently just couldn't and wouldn't be unfaithful to him. And then one day, she came back unexpectedly early from lunch, walked into her boss's office—and found him masturbating.

"Mr. Travis!" she gulped. "What are you doing?"

Travis smiled weakly. "My dear," he muttered, "it's sometimes very lonely here at the top."

In Milan, a young dyke named Orsini  
Served her lesbian friend a martini,

*Then suggestively said,*

*"Let's have pasta in bed!"*

*A hick, of course, meant some cunnilinguini.*

Following a well-meaning visiting friend's suggestion, an underendowed fellow took to sleeping standing up in a specially rigged harness with a weight attached to his manhood. Some months later, the friend came through town again. "Tell me," he said to the standing sleeper, "how much your dong has lengthened."

"It's really hardly changed," was the reply, "but it does keep perfect time!"

"I have wonderful news, your Majesty!" exclaimed the grand vizier as he entered the sultan's bedchamber. "For your seventy-fifth birthday, your cousin, the caliph, has sent you a pair of exquisite seventeen-year-old virgins!"

"Ah, yes," mused the sultan. "Well, with this disturbing new central air conditioning, I suppose I can always use them as ear muffs."

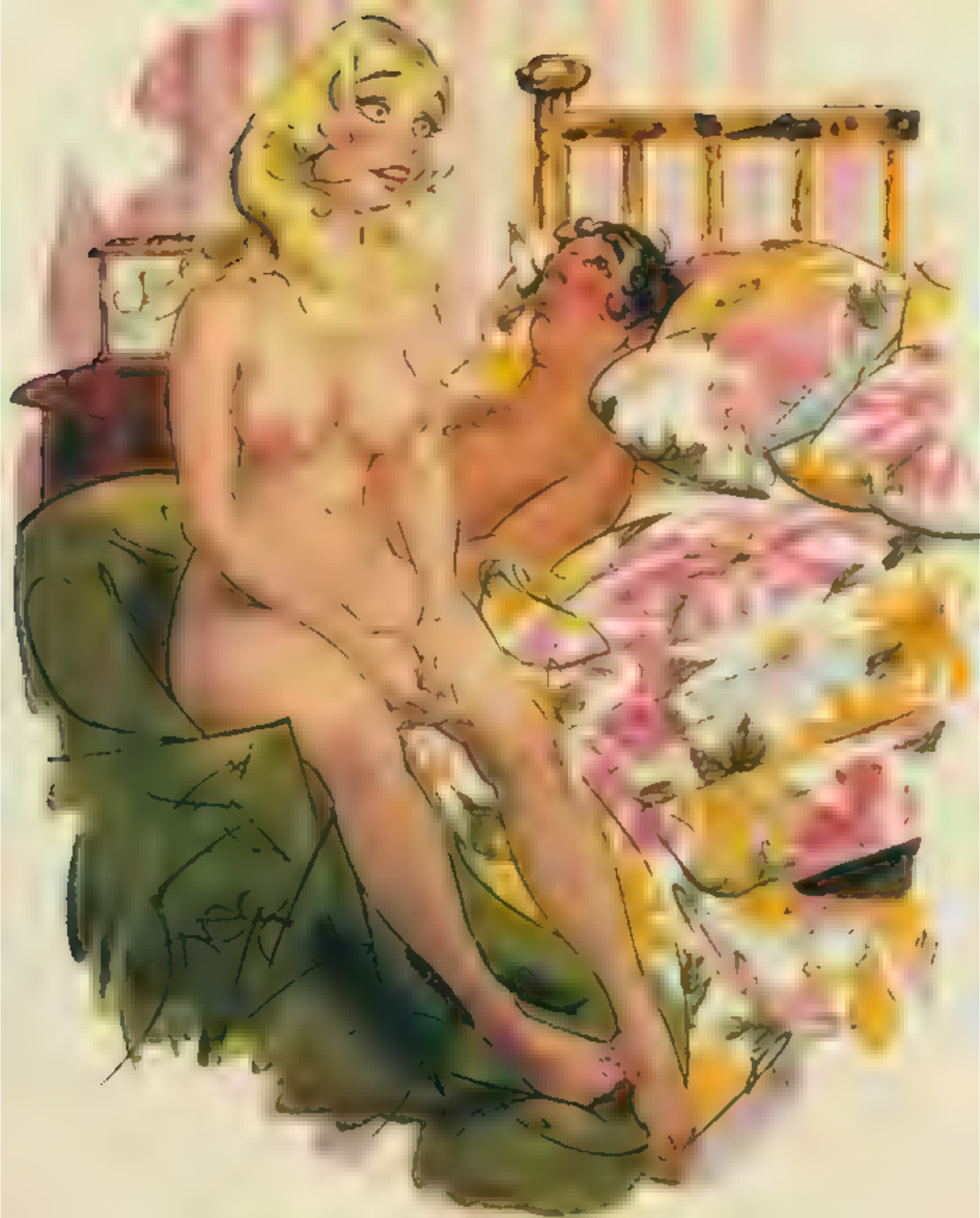


While examining the young man's lip infection, the doctor asked, "Have you done anything unusually lately like say learning to smoke a pipe or trying a different shaving cream or maybe sucking on a lot of oranges?"

"There was one thing, doctor," answered the patient. "I had a birthday last week and my father took me to a bordello, where he paid an attractive girl to give me some practical experience in the facts of life."

"That explains it," said the medical man. "Tell me, didn't your father warn you never to lick a gift whore in the mouse?"

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



What a day! To have cake and play like this



# THE OLYMPICS OF 2004

*wait till you see what hormones and genetic breeding have in store for athletes of the future*

humor

By WAYNE MCLOUGHLIN

ADVANCE in medicine and genetics progressed so rapidly toward the end of the 20th Century that a new classification was needed for the world's highly bred athletes. It's 2004 and the TV networks have decided to carry the Olympics as part of the *Wild Kingdom of Sports*. Jim McKay and Martin Perkins' commentary have been transformed into cages with sign reading *PLAYERS* to help feed the animals. On these two pages are candid shots of the Olympic anomalies in their special events.

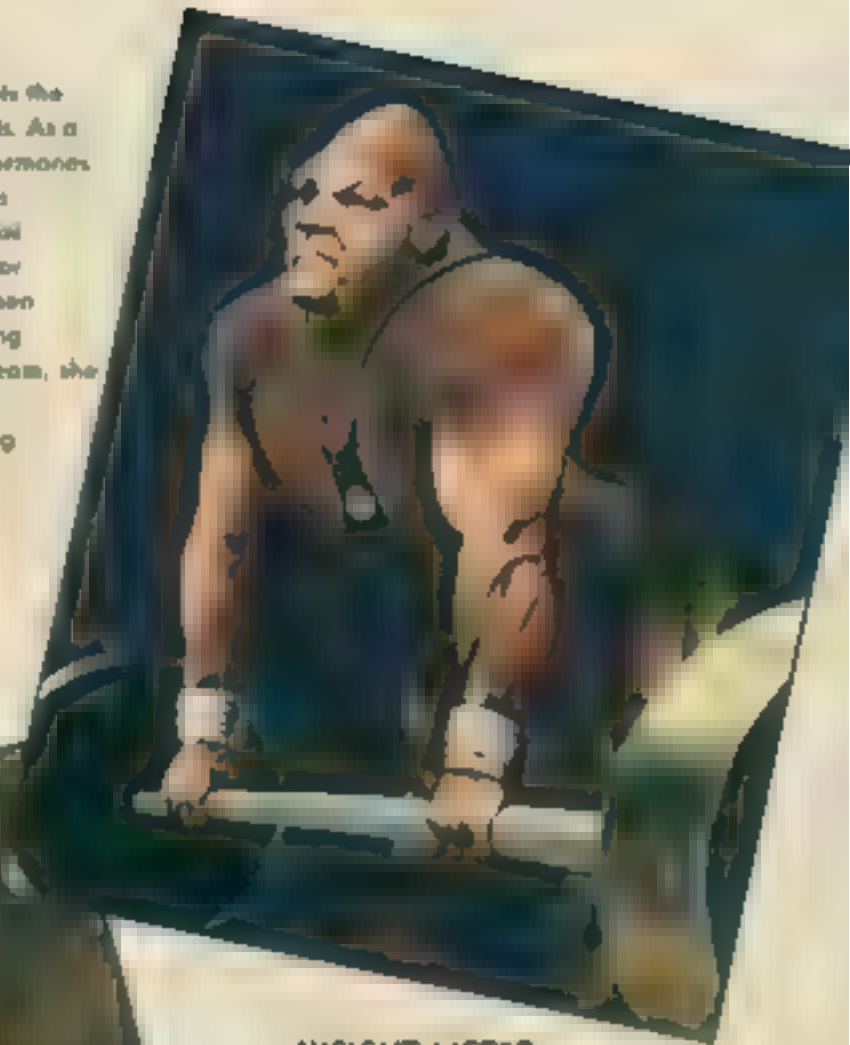


**SPRINTER** This runner's event is the 440 high furlongs, and he was the big winner in 1998 at Aqueduct. He earned his berth on the Olympic squad by working part time pulling a milk wagon and is rewarded after each sprint with a sugar cube. He bled at the fact that his teammates refused to walk behind him during the Olympic Parade.

## GYMNAST

Below: The gymnast

represents the Galápagos Islands. As a result of taking hormones for years, her eyes have acquired a taste for used fly strips. When she is not practicing on the balance beam, she amuses her party guests by changing her skin color to match the drapes.



## WEIGHT LIFTER

Above: The Soviets have long bred their weight lifters in captivity, and this gentleman is the current champ. In 1978 he lifted the bleachers along with the bar bell for a new record. On a recent tour of the U.S., he had to be coaxed down off the Empire State Building.



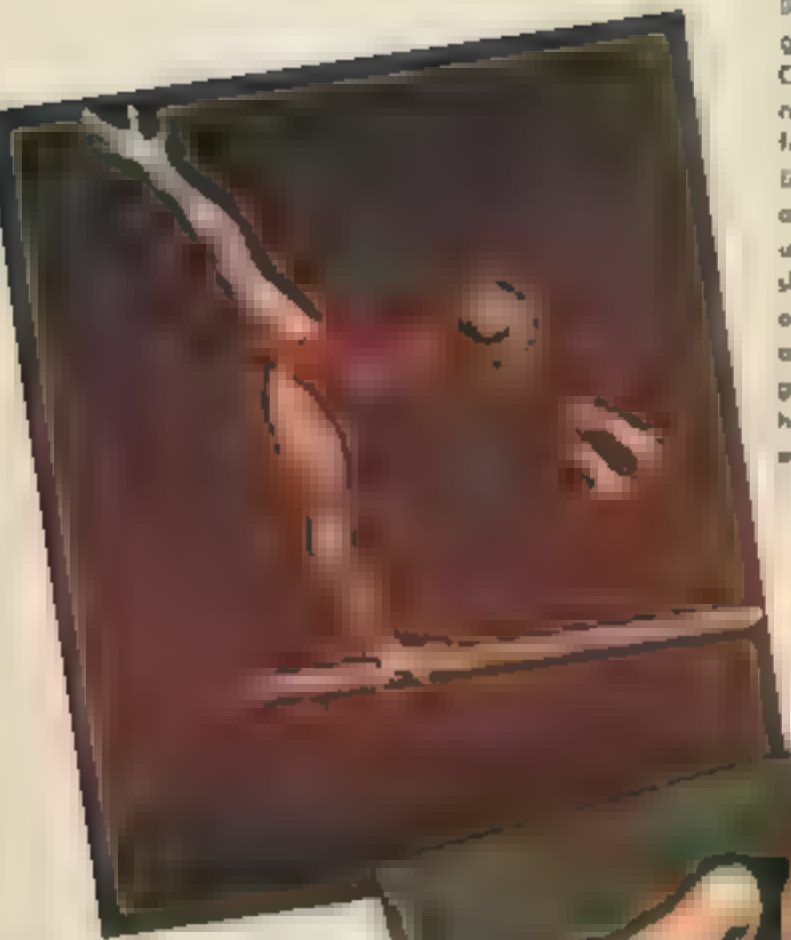
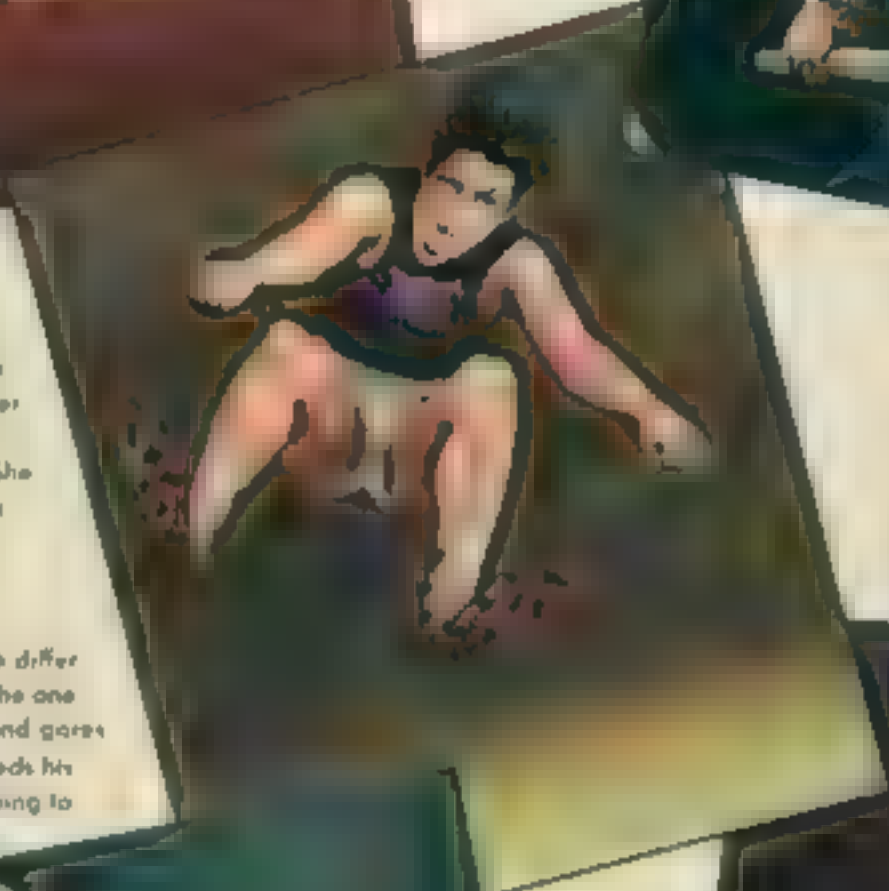
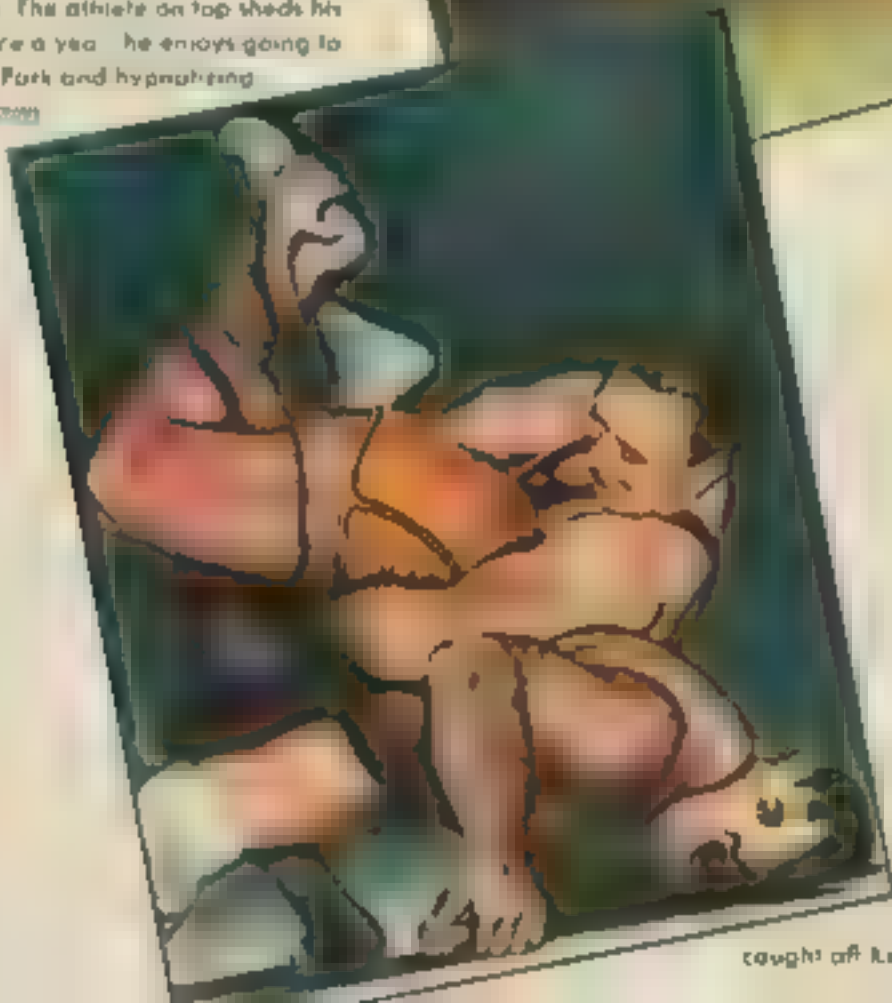
## SWIMMER

Above: The new breed of Olympic swimmer sports fashionable gills and is trained by old Jacques Cousteau at Marineland. A tragic note: The free-style champion was recently caught off Key West and is now mounted for display at Abercrombie & Fitch.

Eight: The broad jumper, who performs best after a rainstorm, was nearly disqualified for loitering around the Olympic Torch catching bugs on her tongue. She relaxes by soaking in a jacuzzi with only her eyes showing.

## WRESTLERS

Below: These two wrestlers took different hormones for their event. The one on the bottom reads Ionesco and goes to release. The athlete on top sheds his arms once a year—he enjoys going to Central Park and hypnotizing the masses.



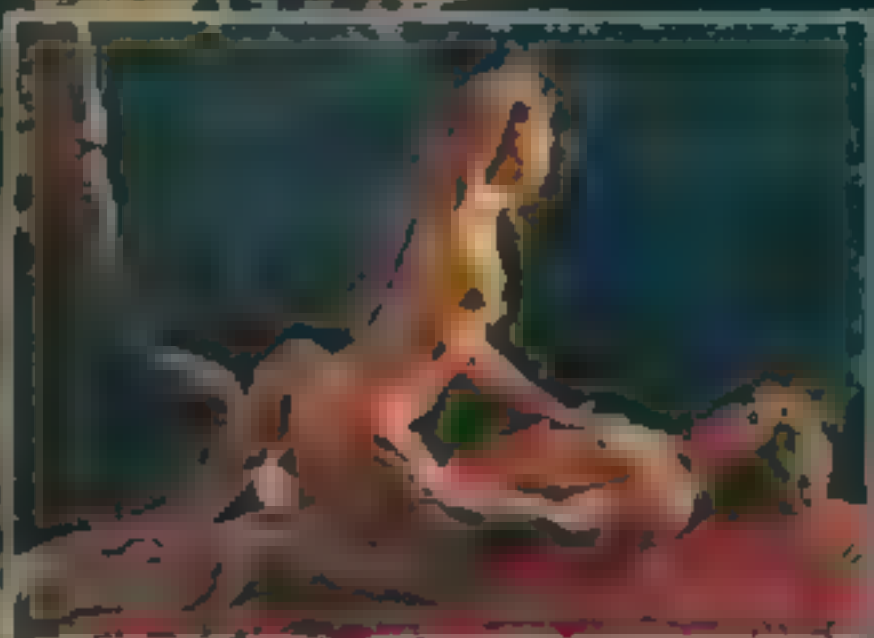


# SEX IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

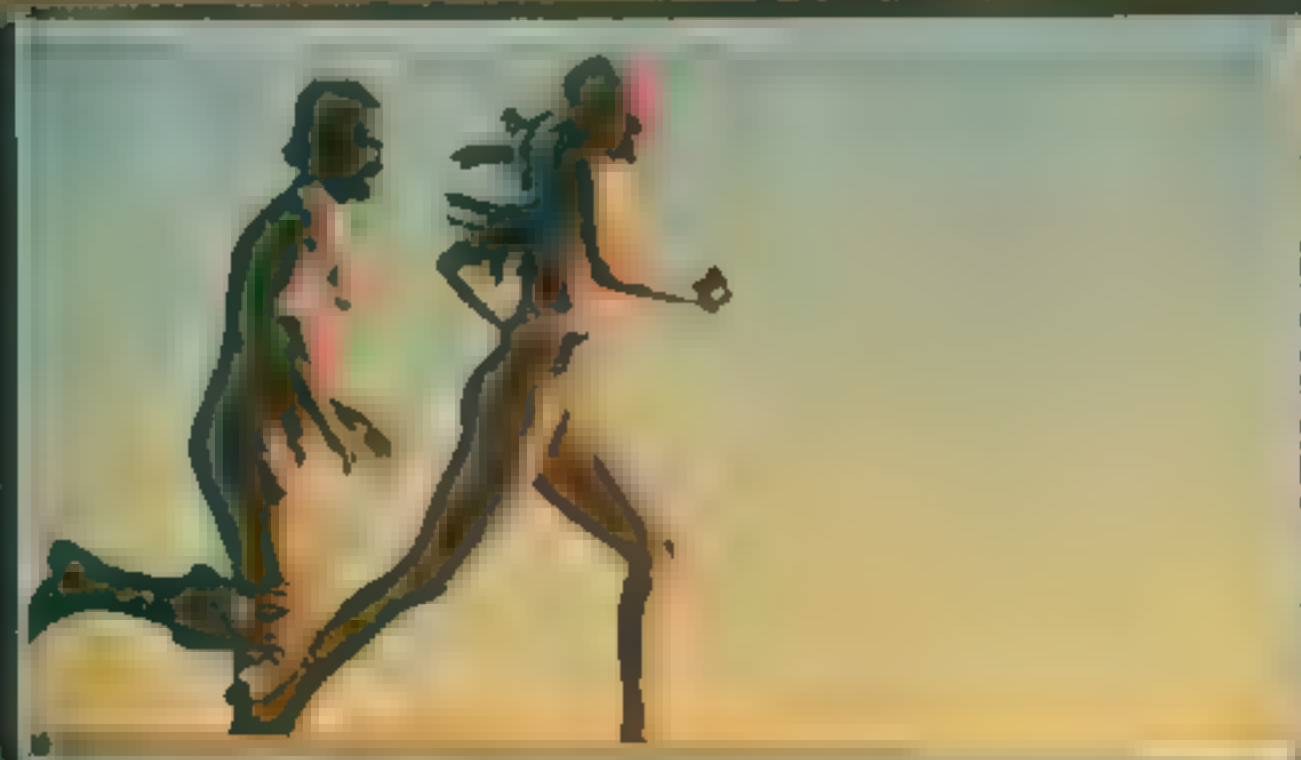
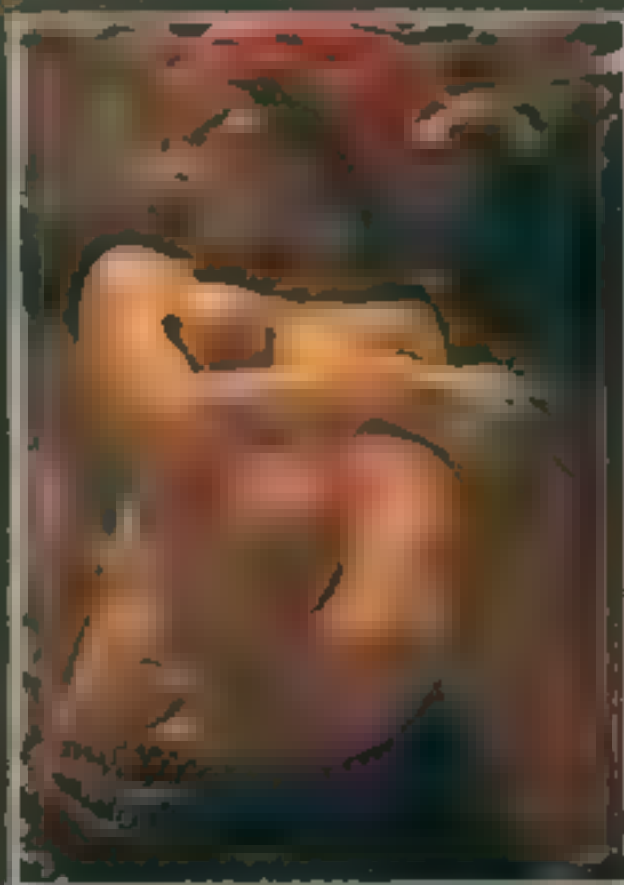
PHOTOGRAPHY BY TRIS DOUTCH

If you're going to do some heavy breathing, why not take in some fresh air?

The beauty of the recent sex-crazed holiday season in New York City has been a novel idea: sex in the great outdoors. As a water park, Mike Levine has opened the city's first sex park, the Erotic Rites Center, located in the heart of the city. Or, you can go to the city's first sex park, the Erotic Rites Center, located in the heart of the city. Or, you can go to the city's first sex park, the Erotic Rites Center, located in the heart of the city.

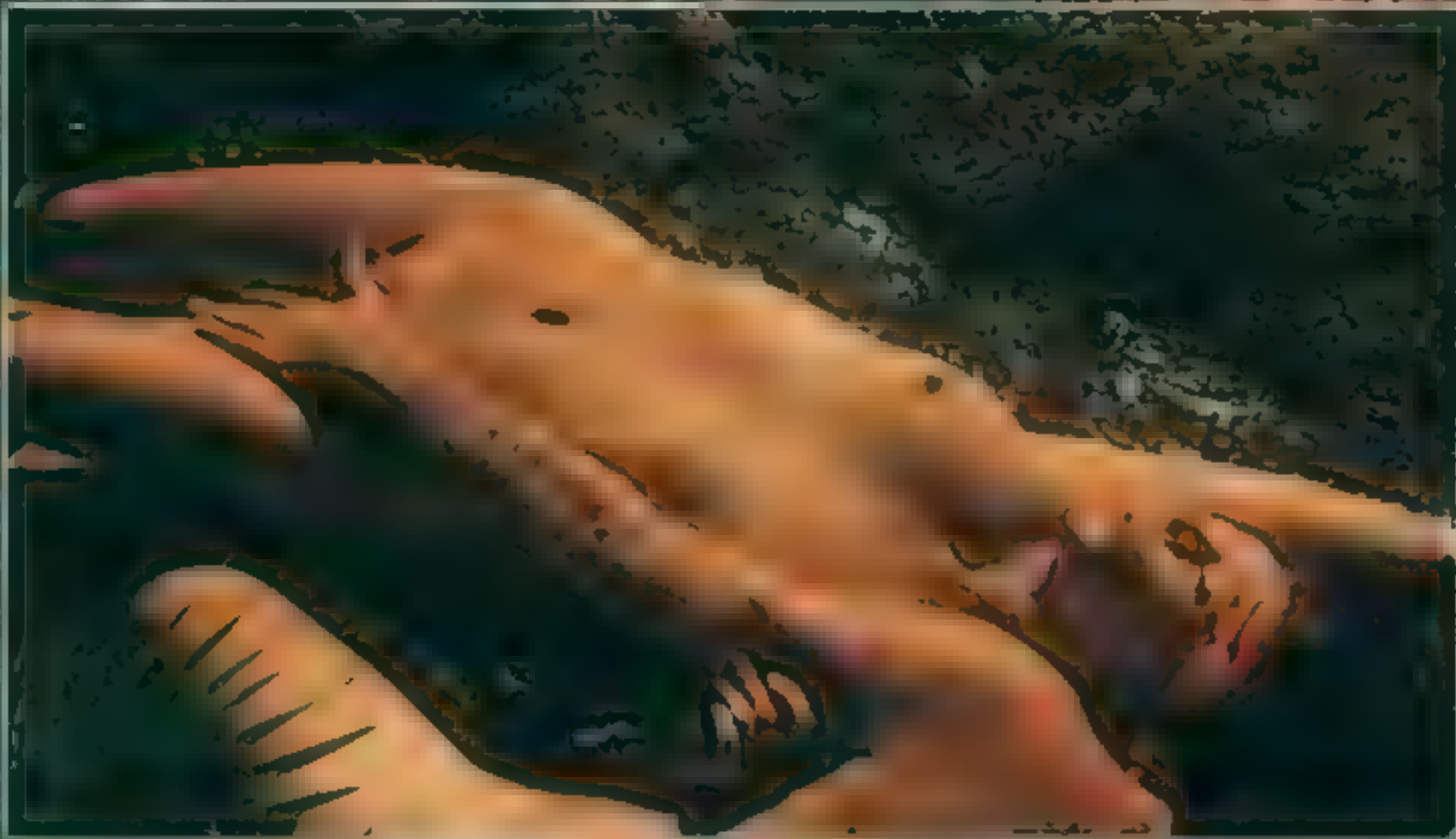


Across the wilderness of the desert in the heart of  
 California the world is reduced to simple elements: the  
 sand, Man and Woman. The desert yields no riches, it is  
 still but so mother. The mind shapes the world in  
 one goal at a time. The woman her body curved in a line  
 In the arid, ageless landscape she is an oasis. Henry David  
 Thoreau once observed, "The finest workers in stone are not  
 copper or steel tools but the gentle touches of the hand  
 working to their intent with a slow patience."  
 Here you have all the time in the world.  
 The desert reaches out toward the horizon. The woman



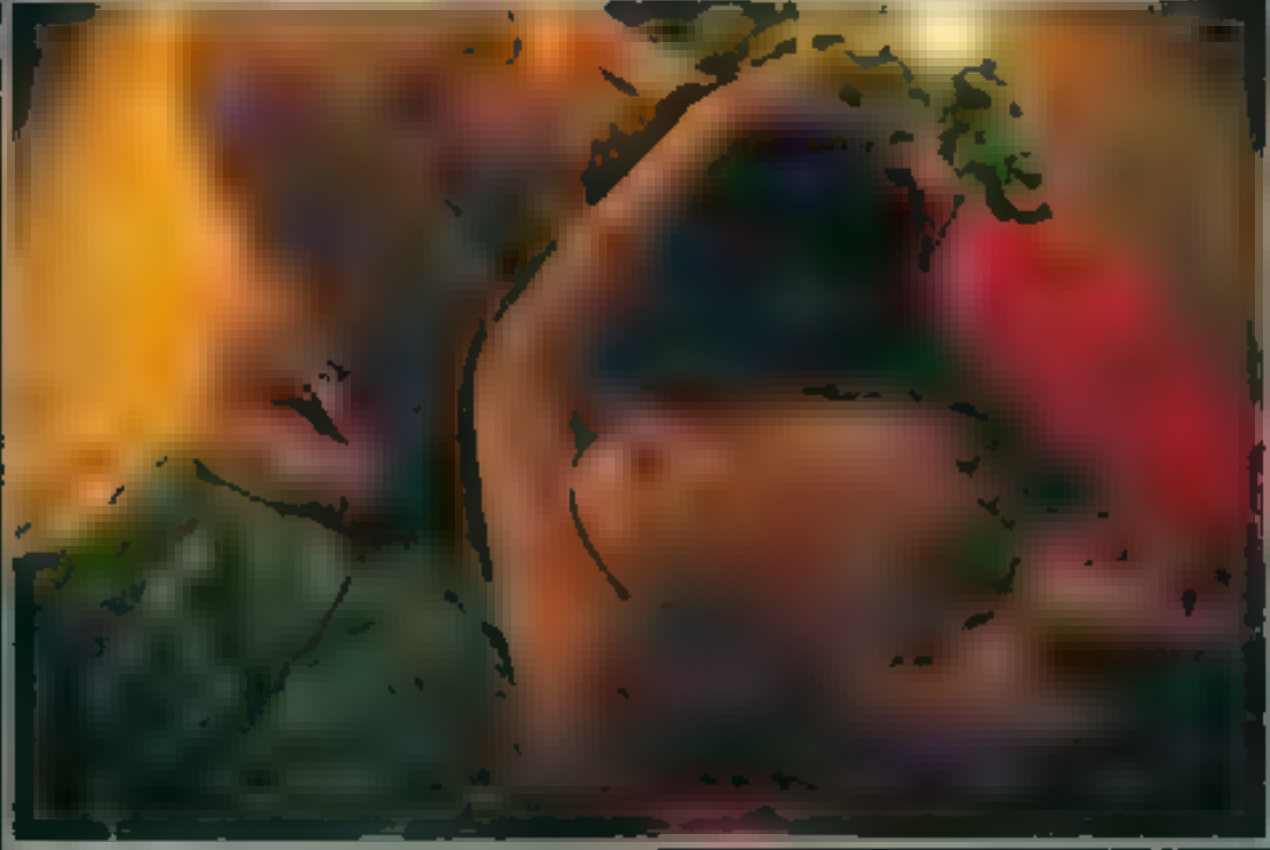
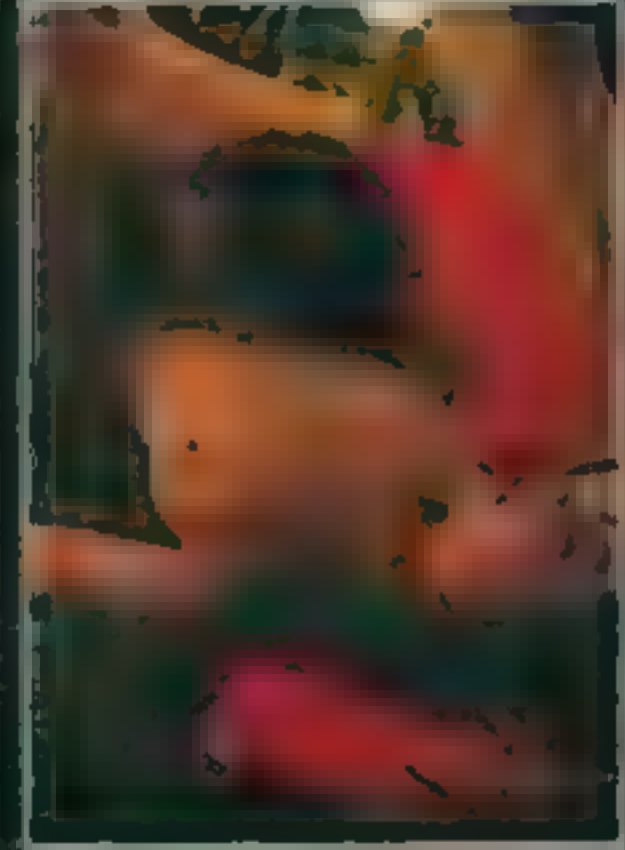








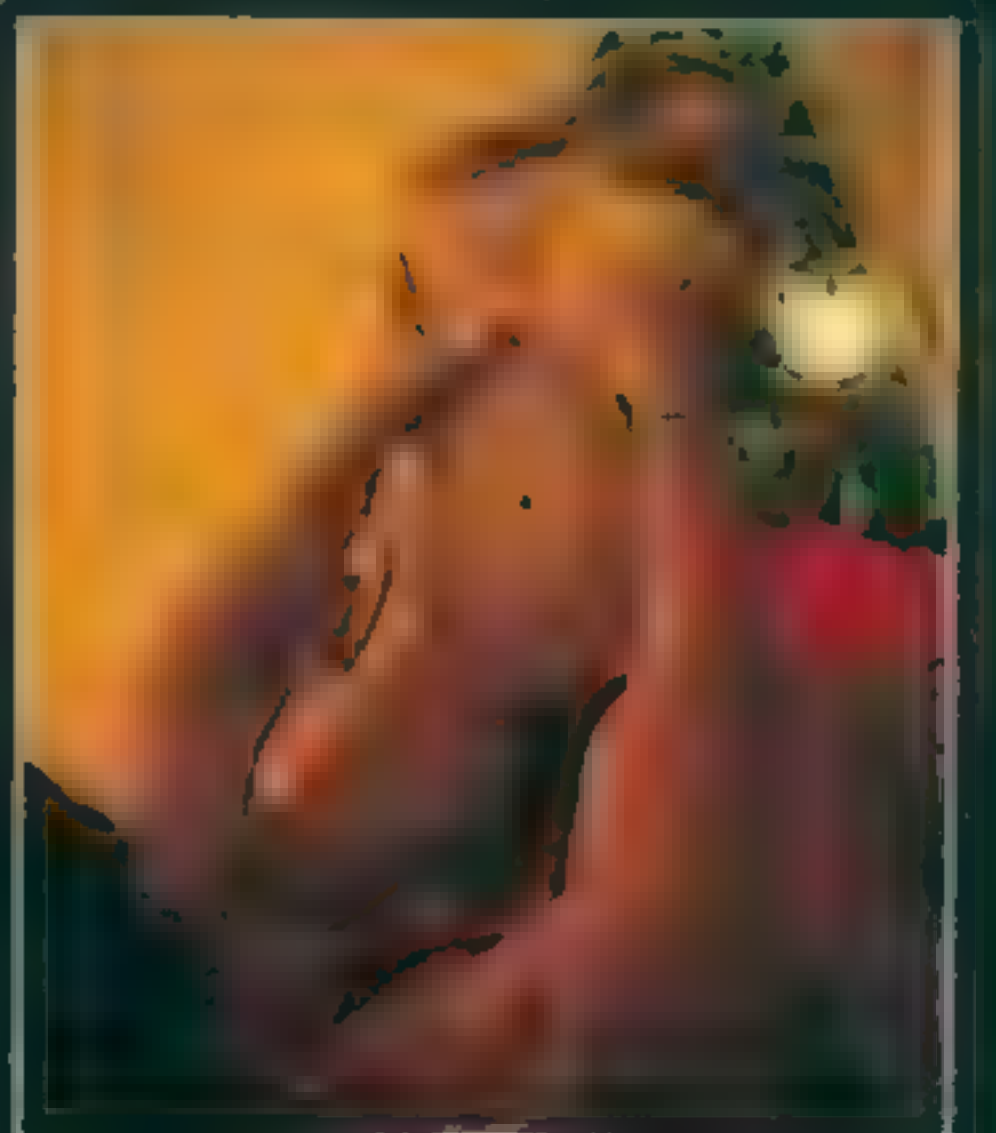
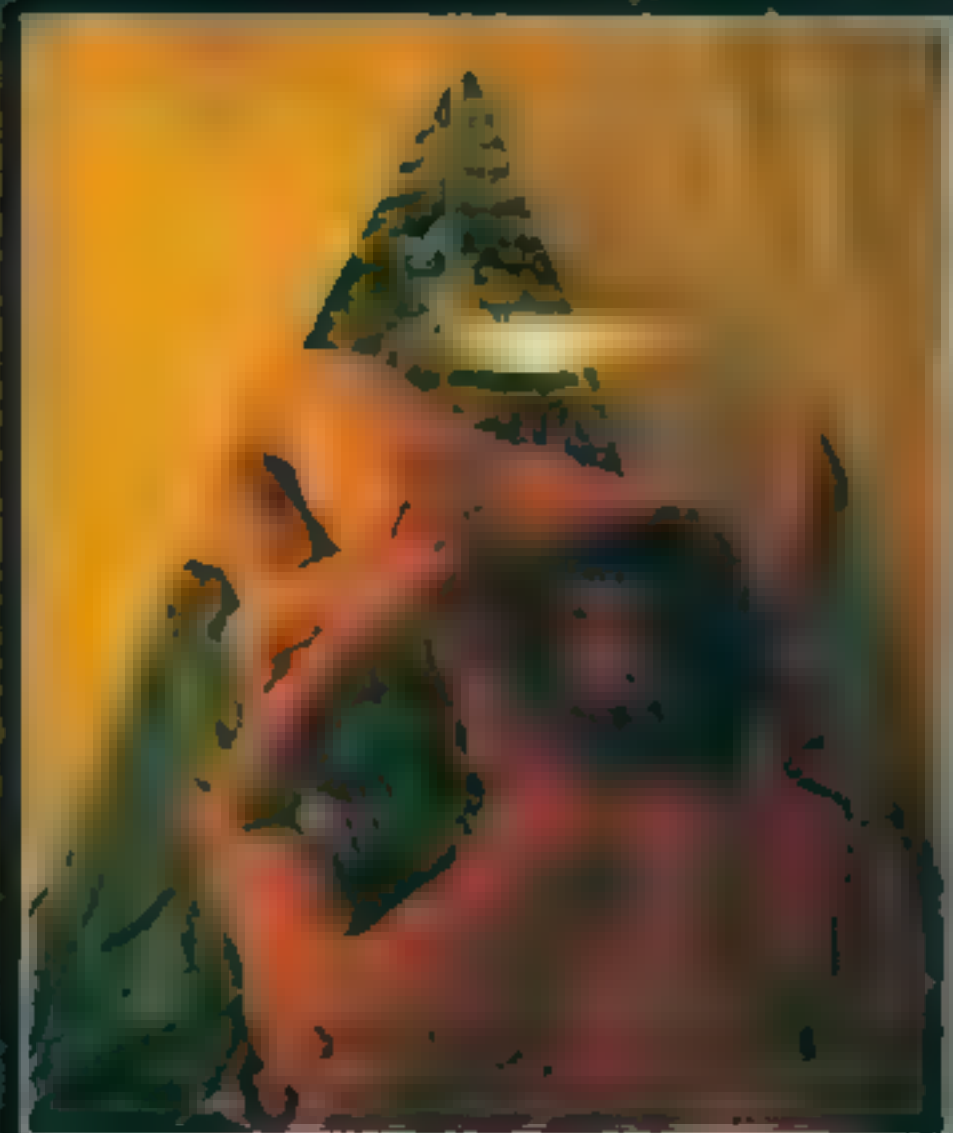








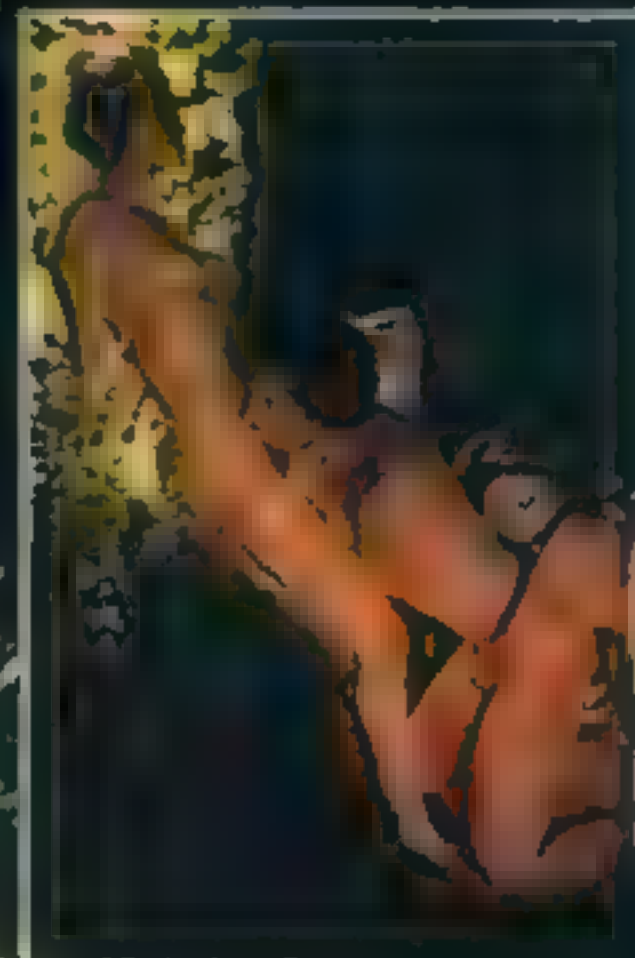
Lake Tahoe, Nevada. The day  
fades; the journey ends. Wonders  
just gives way to the more familiar  
yearning. You provide your own shelter  
for the night. The excitement you share is honest,  
sustaining. Aching muscles soon into each  
other. The warmth of the fire will last until morning.  
For the time being, you are the only lovers in the universe.







**Expedition.** A mile or so away, a highway cuts through the redwood forest north of Eureka, California. You have left your car on the road. You have left your clothes somewhere else. You need go no farther. The ancient trees reach toward the sun; the sun reaches toward the earth. Caught between, you have gone Eden one better.



## THE VARGAS GIRL

*I could be a star  
if I let it my  
eyes are longer*



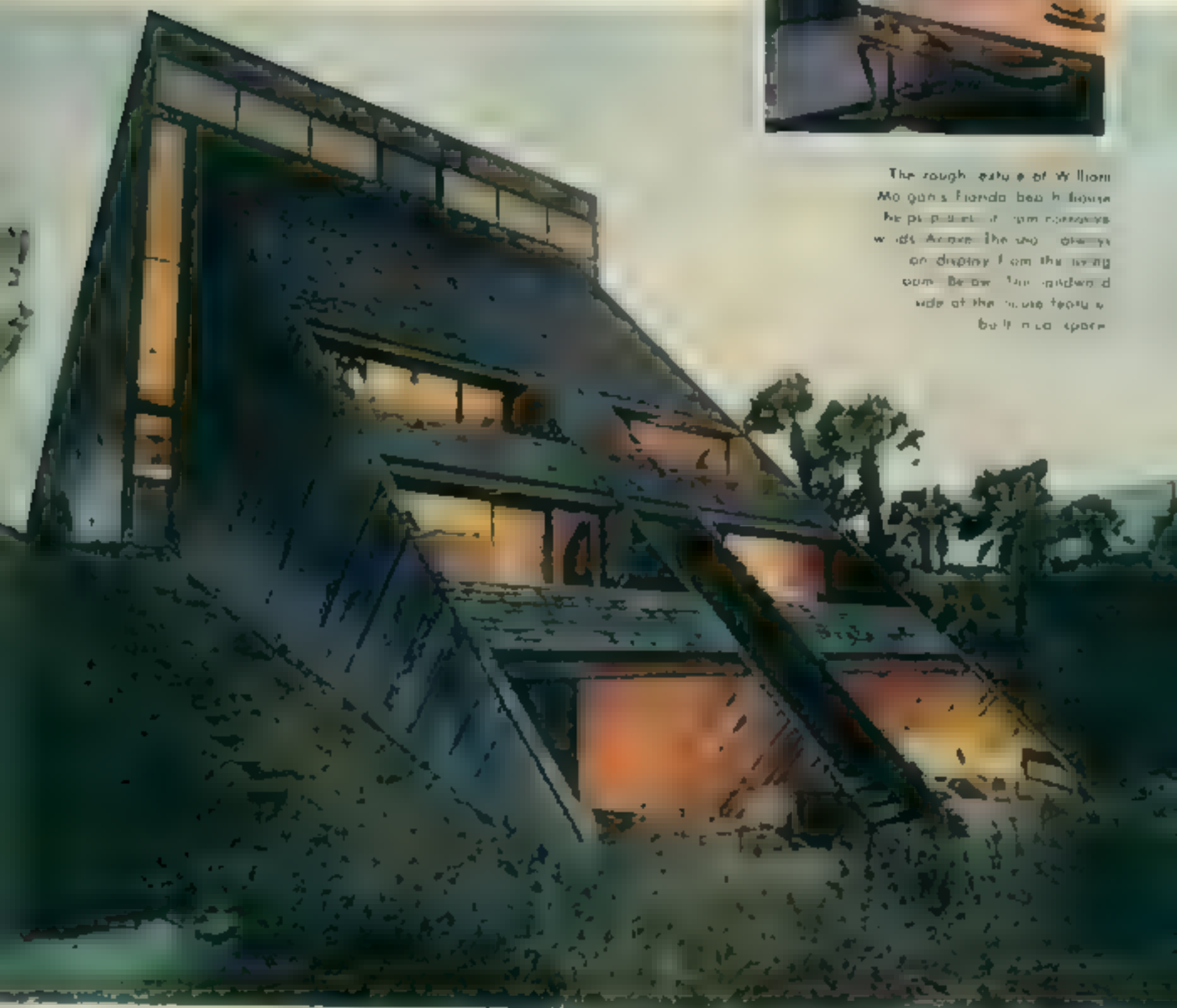


# PLAYBOY PAD: ON THE BEACH

How a Florida beach house became a playground for a playboy



The rough exterior of William McGonigal's Florida beach house kept people at arm's length. Above: The duo always on display from the living room. Below: The hardwood side of the house features built-in no space.

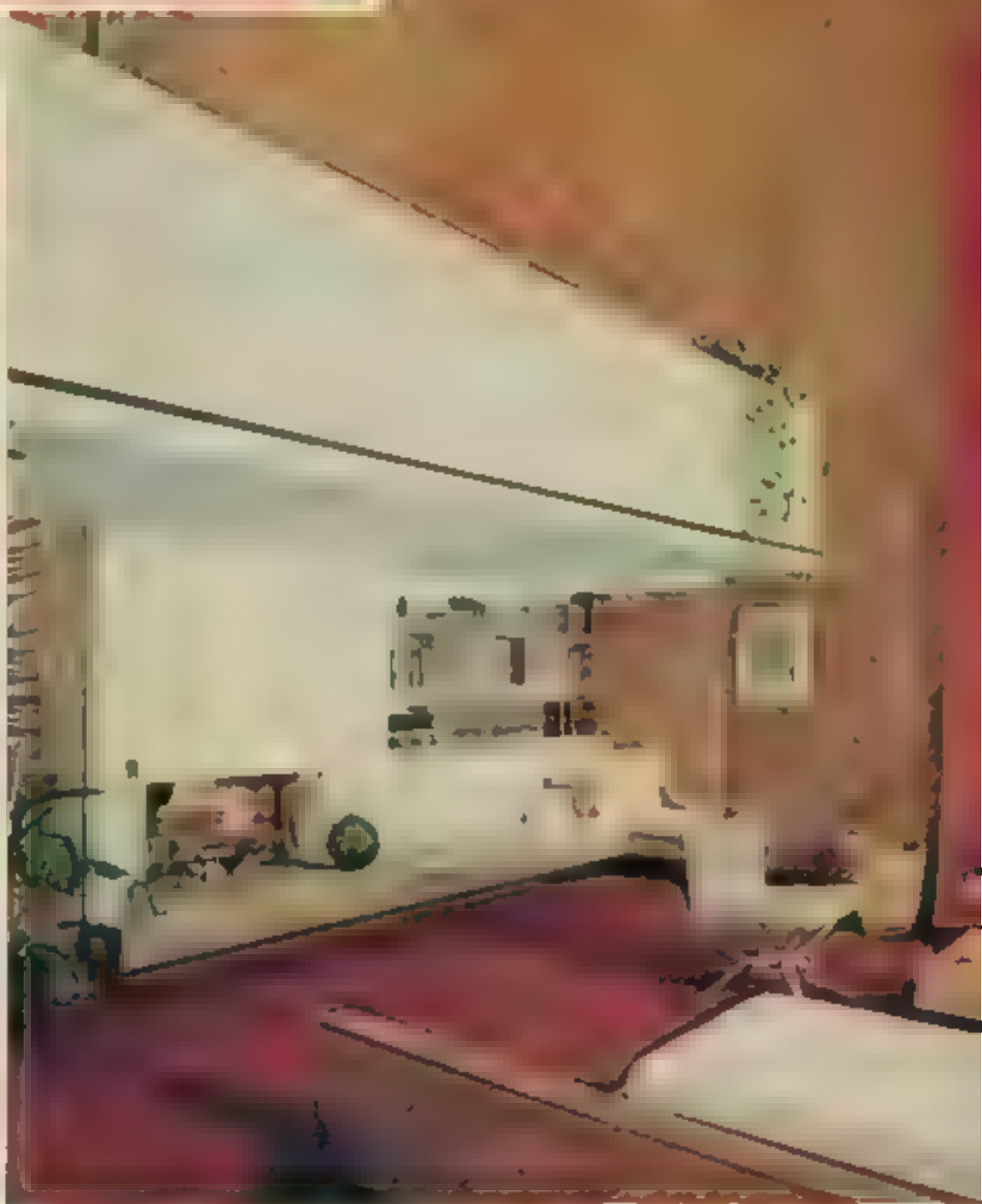
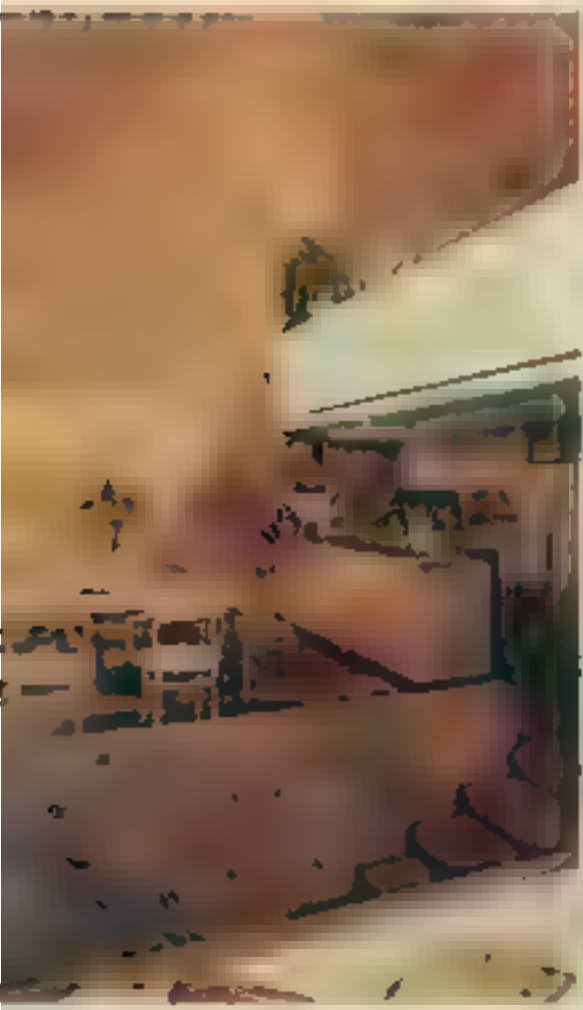


**I**N A MOUNTAIN OF SAND, A PLAYBOY HAS BUILT A PAD. The house is a masterpiece of modern architecture, built into a hillside. The exterior is made of a rough, textured material, possibly stone or concrete. The house is surrounded by trees and landscaping. The interior is a masterpiece of modern design, with large, rectangular windows and a flat roof. The house is a playground for a playboy.





Above: The dining area and living room partitioned but not blocked off, and the stairway to the rear.

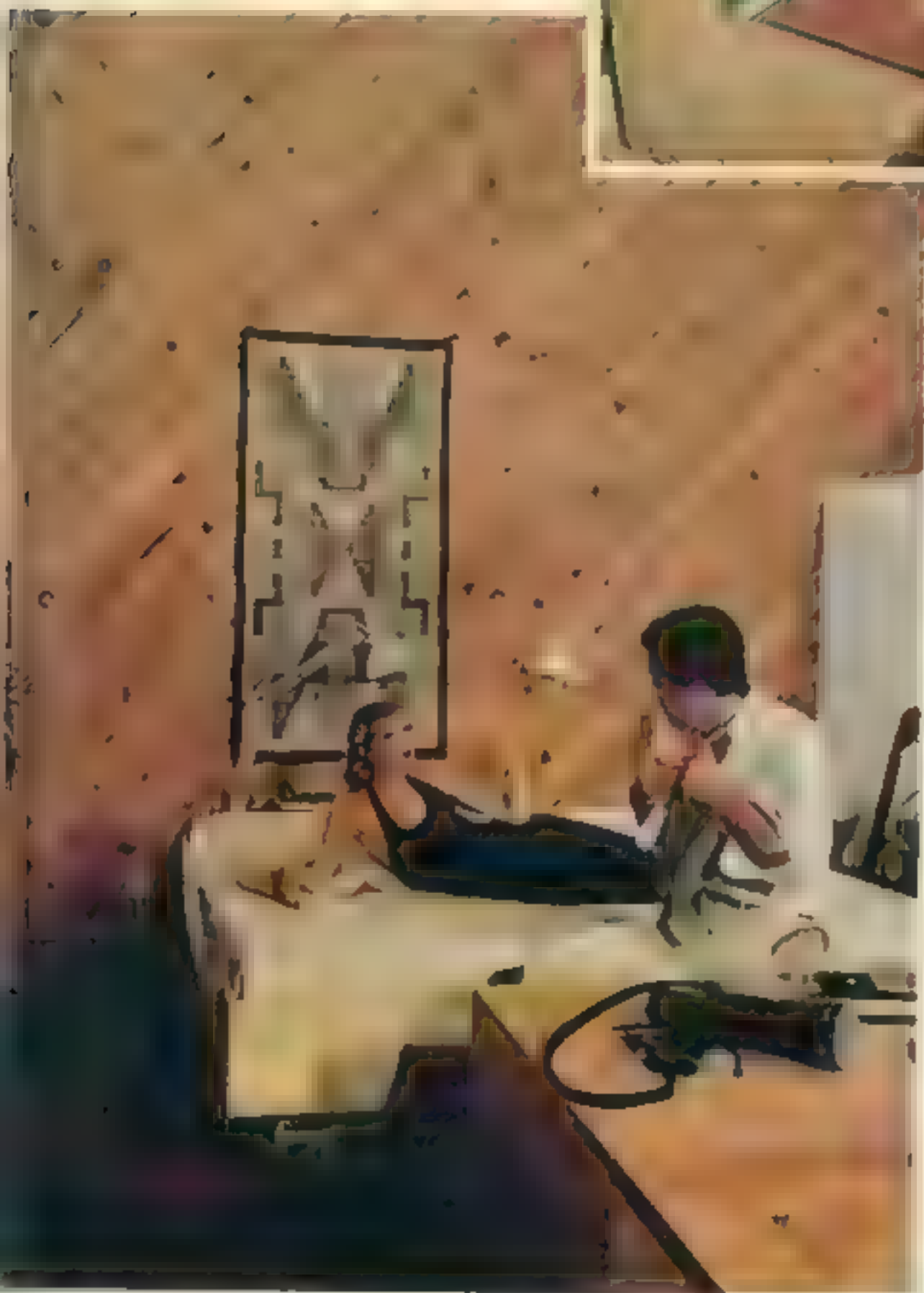
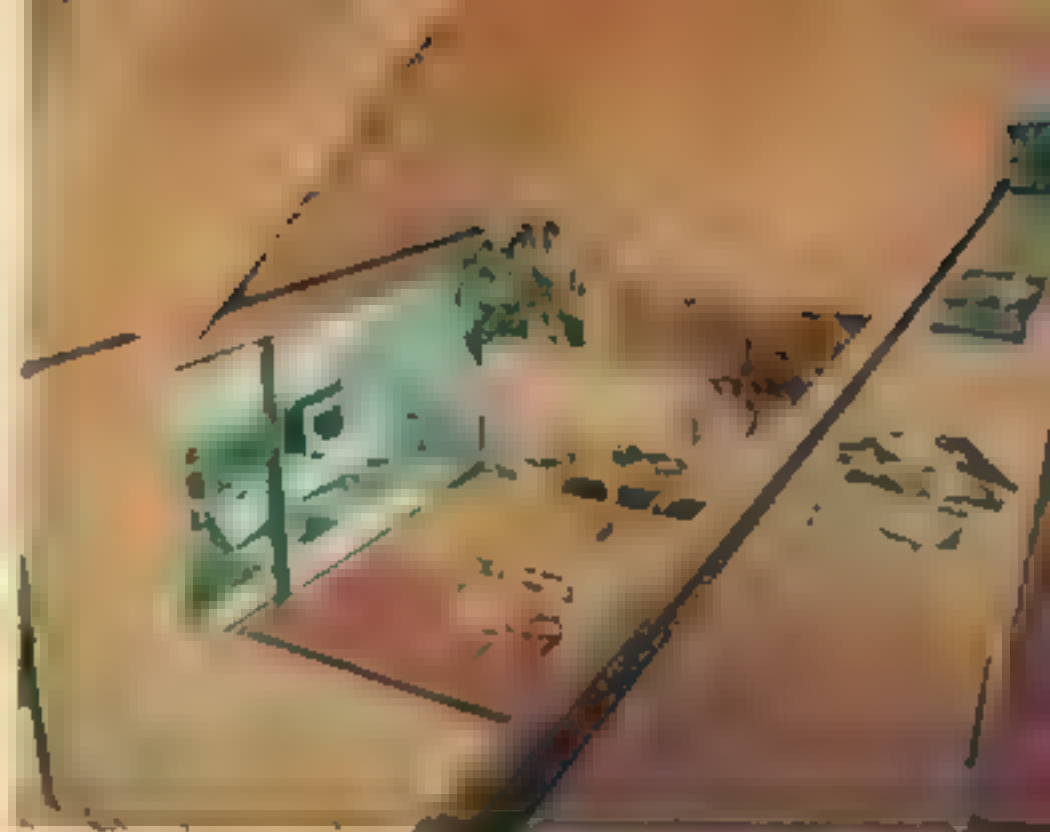


The kitchen above left features the latest gadgets and includes a refrigerator paneled in wood and Morgan designed aluminum table and chairs. Left: The living room is a cozy spot by the fireplace in the living room above, which manages to look sunny even when it's not, thanks to Morgan's use of blond wood panels and warm carpeting. He designed both of the light cubes that you see.

THE HOUSE WAS DESIGNED BY MORGAN AND HIS FIRM, MORGAN & COMPANY, INC. THE HOUSE WAS BUILT IN 1954 AND IS NOW OWNED BY THE MORGAN FAMILY. THE HOUSE IS A TWO-STOREY HOUSE WITH A TOTAL AREA OF 2,500 SQUARE FEET. THE HOUSE IS A MODERN HOUSE WITH A LOT OF GLASS AND WOOD. THE HOUSE IS A VERY BEAUTIFUL HOUSE AND IS A GREAT PLACE TO LIVE.



The house is a modern interpretation of the traditional Cuban style. It features a mix of materials, including wood, stone, and concrete. The design is characterized by its geometric forms and the use of local craftsmanship. The interior spaces are designed to be open and airy, with large windows and doors that allow for a seamless transition between the inside and the outside. The overall aesthetic is one of simplicity and elegance, reflecting the architect's vision of a modern yet culturally rooted living environment.



The view from the upper level, which is a terrace overlooking the garden and the sea.



Above: A couple relaxes in a bedroom. The furnishings enhance the house's dazzling geometric wood paneling is used inside and out. Right: The lower levels of the building, on its seaward side, open onto a terraced area leading to the water. They are also used to store a pair of Habie Cam, a few surf boards, and other water gear. Getting into the swim involves the more than 600 ft of bed.

# ON THE BEACH

*(continued from page 131)*

city of Herculaneum, which had upper and lower levels relating to urban and maritime activities, respectively). The key to the house, in fact, is the way it interac-

tioning in its culture. Of course, there's no denying the ocean. You can feel its presence when you're driving up to the house, and its proximity when you're in the living rooms. And the capriciousness of the sea has there suggested a flexibility of lifestyle that is, in fact, provided for by the house. For instance, Morgan and his guests can dine in any

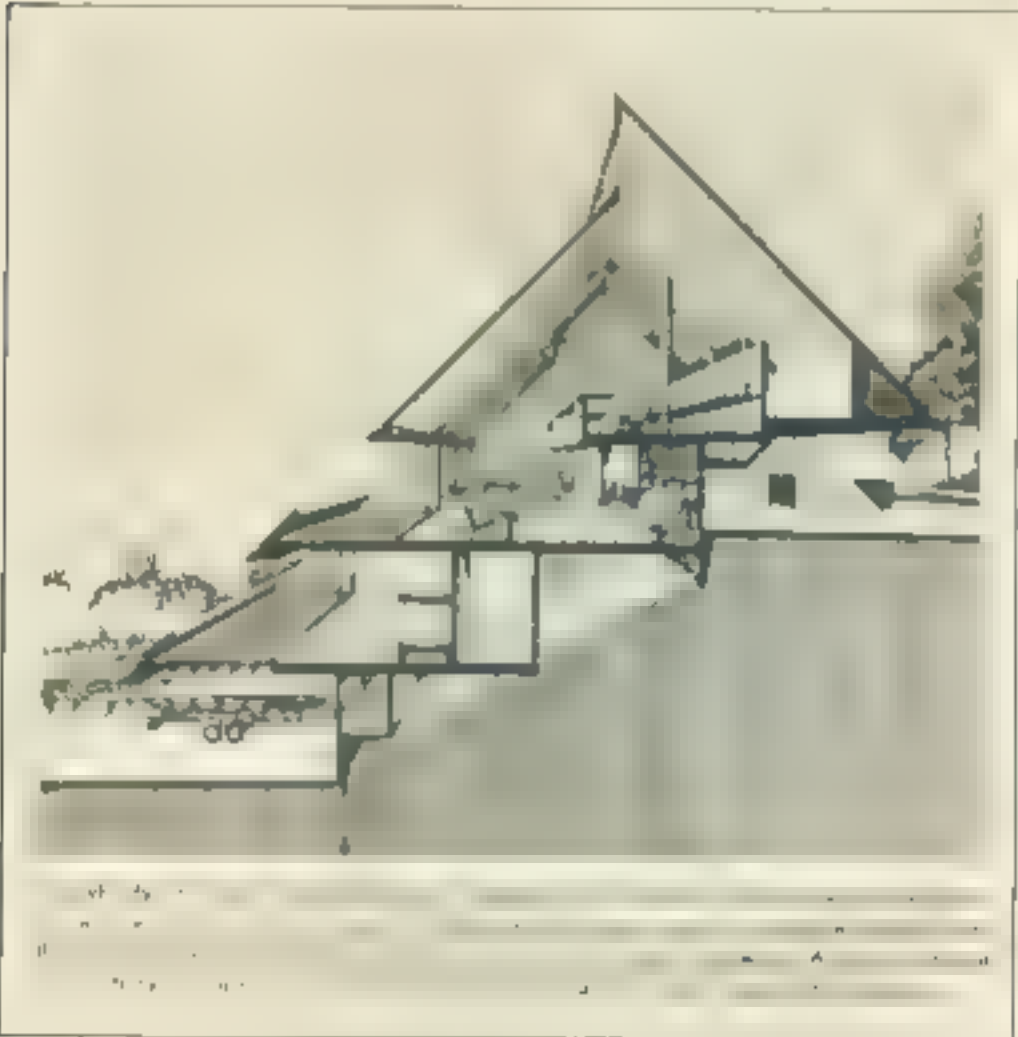
Nothing ever seems to be complicated.

The sea is also a rough neighbor and its always wild is reflected in piles up to 35 feet high on which the house rests and the rugged materials used throughout. Natural cedar forms the exterior walls, the roof shingles and the panels of the exterior walls.

White pine, Morgan appreciates the beauty of wood in its natural state, he has managed to use it in unexpected places, on the refrigerator door, for instance.

The interior is sparsely furnished and is decorated with the accent on the

and chairs and the light-colored, there are no walls. There's no way to see



of several places—on the back porch that are reached through the sliding doors, in the rear porch where the bar is, and the sea or when the sea has a rebound on the wall requires more consideration. In the dining area,

opinion of a partying the semi-circular of the food service, there are no walls separating the kitchen, dining and living areas—or the tables are all used by the later rooms. As a result, a lot of spontaneity is possible—and, as a guest of Morgan's put it after an impromptu beach party at which the host served quail for his own shooting and a neighbor brought a salmon that he'd caught

have used a lot of space and a lot of money. The house is a lot of metal, stainless steel, and a lot of wood. Storage and working are built in at

As if when you're to it, Morgan's approach to the house is a lot of things many people like to employ, you might technology and not enough for

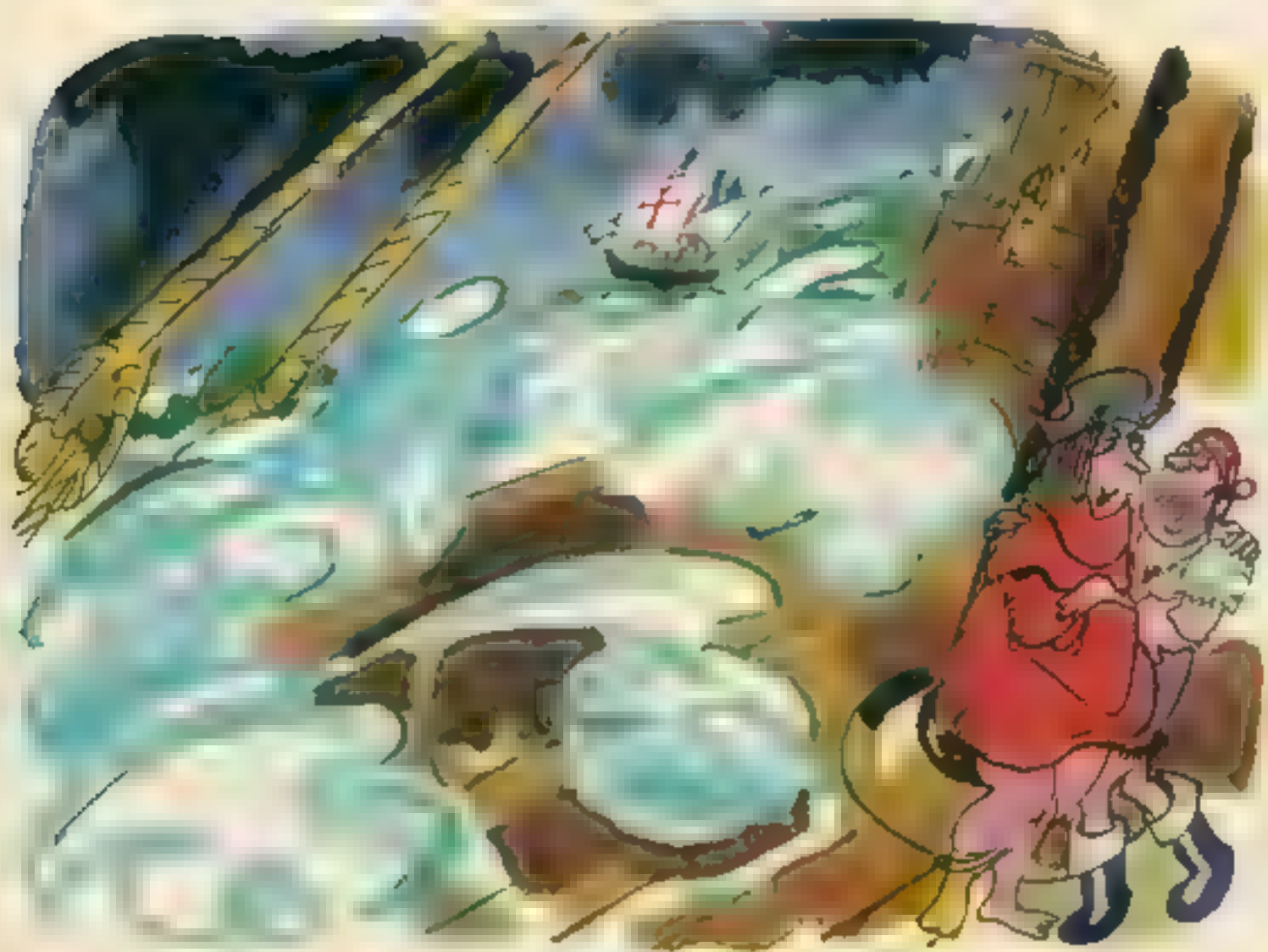
structures of ancient Rome, at times maximum security, with a lot of service. But as we said before, that's just what you might expect from a master builder when he starts building for his personal needs.





# AMERICA

seen through *friend's* eyes



'Even if we don't discover America we've found each other'



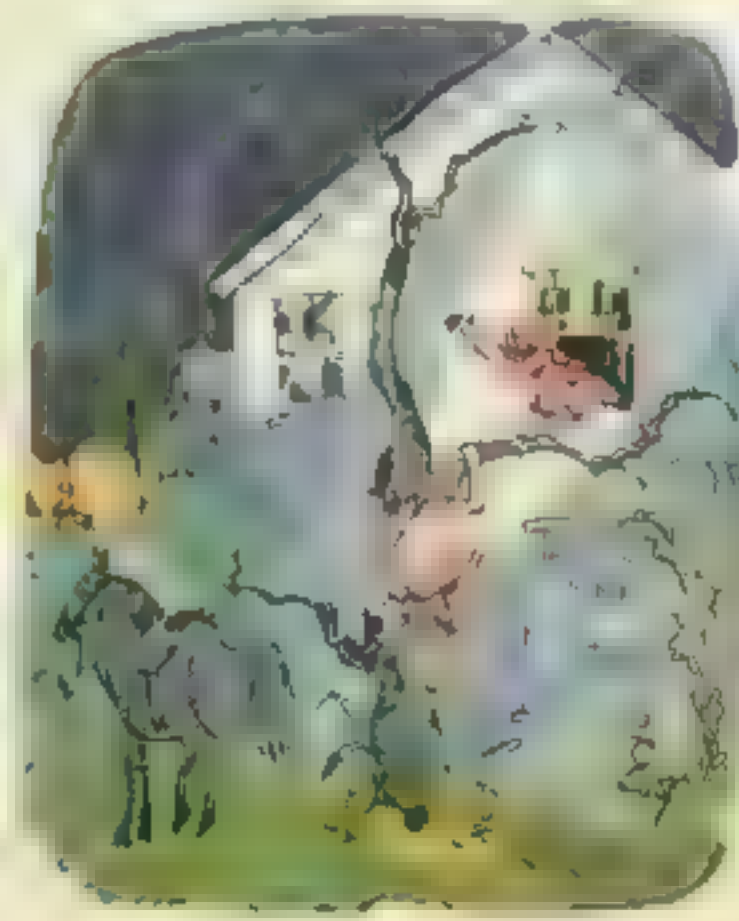
"Tabatha, you were never like  
this in the Old World!"



How about mentioning me!



"I can tell you one thing  
It wasn't any tea party"



Now what was it I was saying?  
Oh yes the redcoats are coming!"



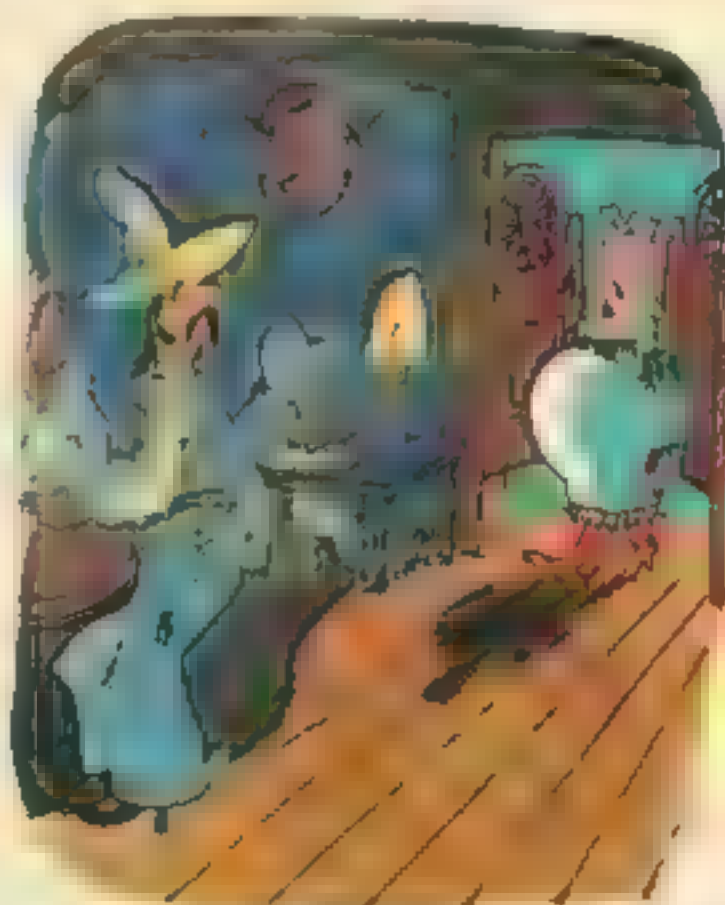
*So that's why we're crossing the Delaware!*



*Say, what kind of a democracy  
are we building here?*



*We are tempted, but think we'd be better advised to  
have General Washington on the one-dollar bill.*

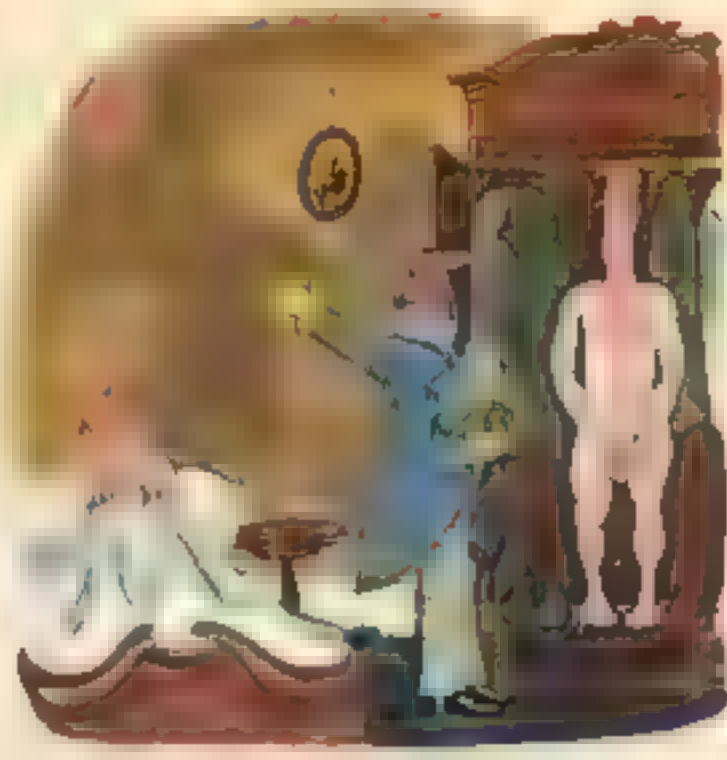


*Remember the Alamo?*





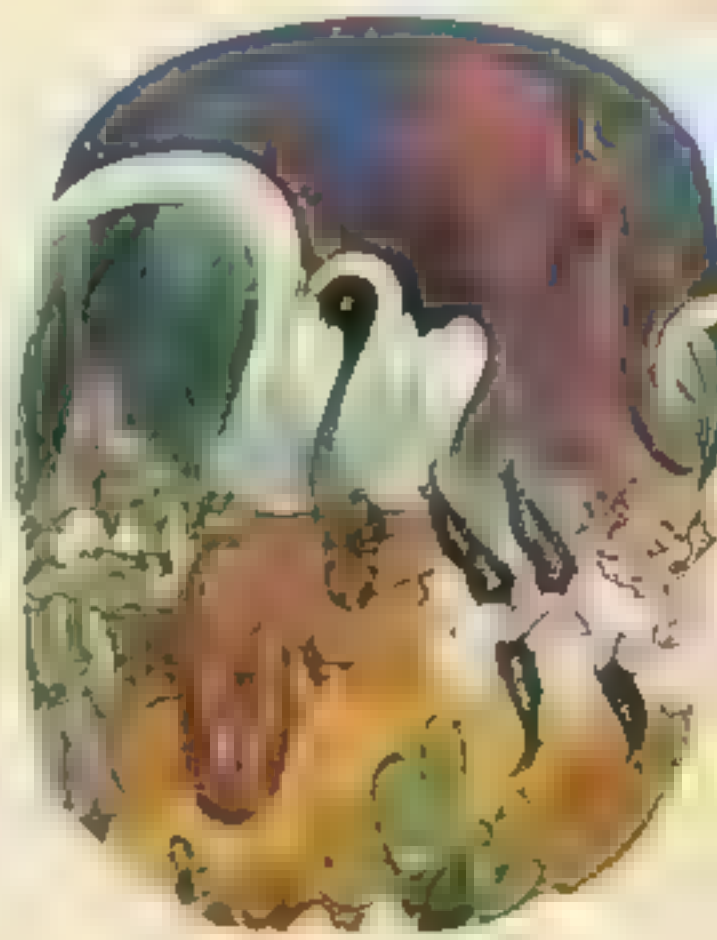
See I give you men are tested and  
I give you men are tested and



See I give you men are tested and



Let me know it, Brigham  
I will be a man



Let me know it, Brigham  
I will be a man



*A view of the harbor of New York*



*This is Mr. Henry Ford, who has just invented the back seat romance*

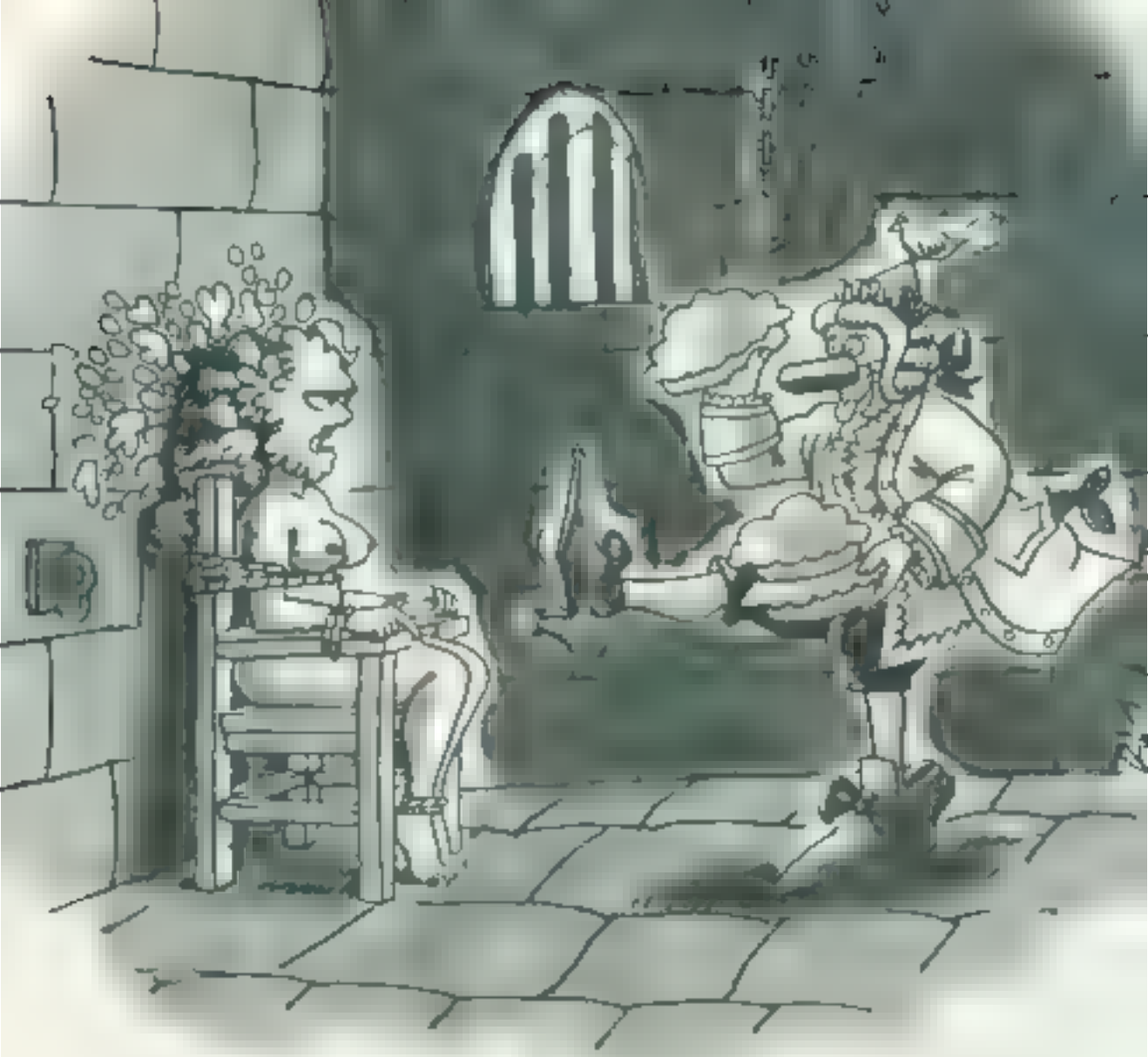


*We find it doesn't look like natural erosion time!*









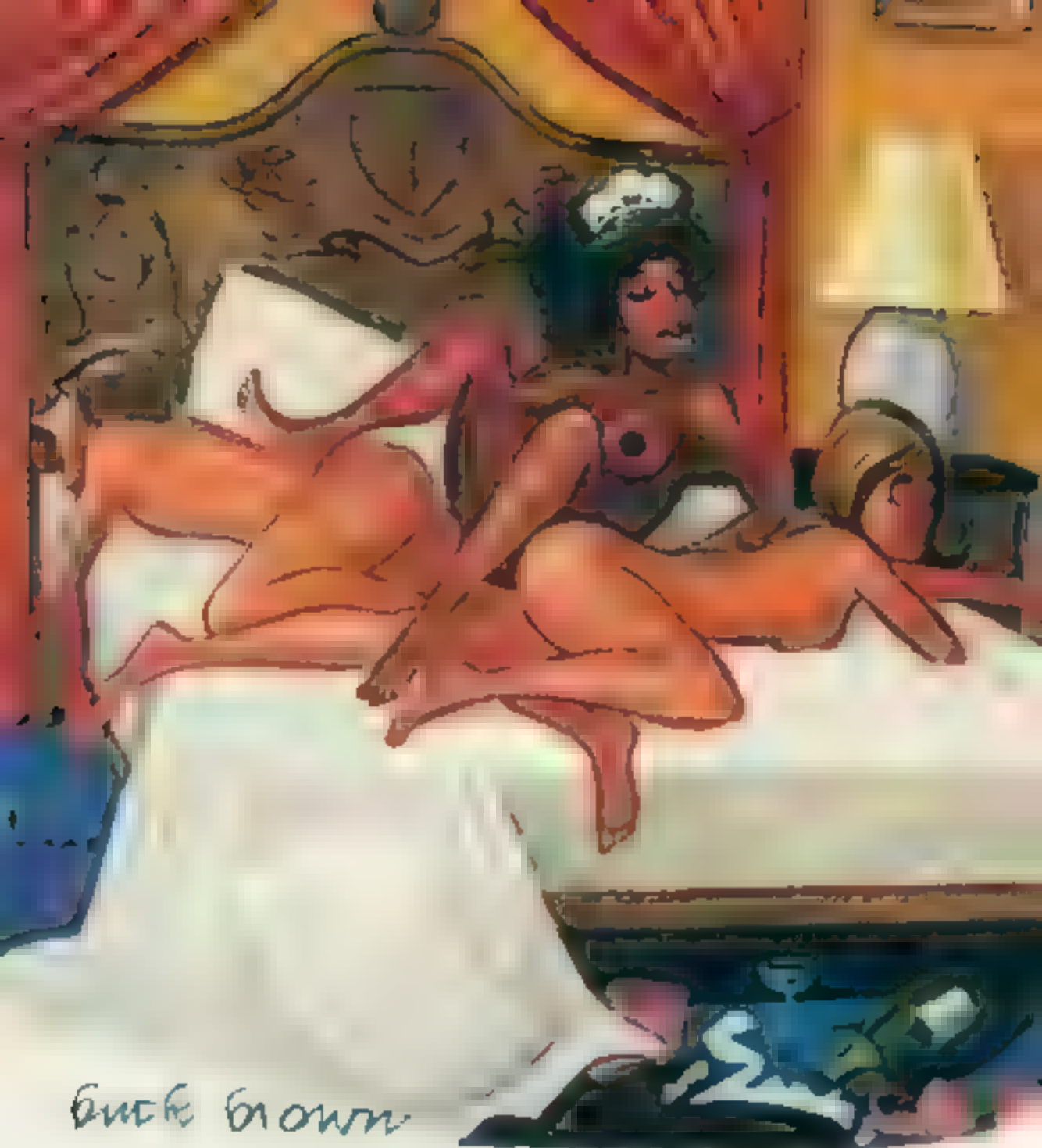
*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]









Sarah Wilson





COCHRAN

*"I finally came to terms with my hostility. I kicked  
my shank in the balls."*





Man C



# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL GLAZER

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT, MEN WITH MEN, MEN WITH WOMEN, WOMEN WITH WOMEN. WE MEAN OF COURSE TENNIS. EVEN OUR HERO NE'S DOING IT, HAVING SOME OFF TO THE LEM LAVARSON TENNIS CAMP FOLLOWING THE POWERFUL LURE OF THE COURTS, WHICH HIT SIMPLY BY AUSTRALIA'S GREAT SINGLES CHAMP, LEM LAVARSON'S "IF A COBBER JOES DRONNO, THEN IT'S FAIR DINKUM TO HAVE A GO. ELSE THE JAMBUCK WILL BUNG ON YOUR BUNZER FOR SURE."

A HEAVY BREAKFAST SIMPLY CHOKES MY OVERHAND SMASH.

LAST NIGHT I DREAMED I HAD THE PERFECT SERVE

GOOD SERVE WATER ONLY GET SOME MORE BOURBON INTO MY "TIE BREAKER"

I'VE BEEN INTO THE RACKET'S ALL MY LIFE

WHAT A FANTASTIC PAIR YOU HAVE. MESS FANNY, SULTAN FIRMNESS AND BOUNCE! MAY I FONDLE THEM?

IS CHIT AT LEAST YOU'RE NOT EATING SLEEPING AND DRINKING TENNIS MASTER LUB BUT I DON'T THINK I WOULD BE VERY POLITE TO FONDLE MY CHEST

CHEST? IT'S YOUR AUTOGRAPHED GRAPHITE YAMAGUCHI RACKETS I WANT TO FONDLE, NOT YOUR CHEST!

I PREFER TO PLAY ON GRASS ESPECIALLY COLOMBIA RED

NEARLY ON A RUNING THE COUNTRY WHAT I HAD TO PAY FOR TENNIS RACKETS

I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO ACHIEVE DE FENTE! LET BREZINEN AND FORD PLAY A FEW SETS!

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT POLITON IS DOING TO THE WORLD? IT'S RUINING THE GRASS COURTS.

I AM NOT A SNOW-SHOES!

NERD

TO THE COURTS! ON THE DOUBLE YO!

FIRE FIRE FIRE

HUP TWO HUP TWO

RIGHT SHOULDER RACKETS

HE'S HURT BAD

WARRAG WERE YOU HIT HARD?

ANYONE HAVE A RESUME LAMINATE BALLS?

MEDIC

"M'S RALPH" TENNIS. MY BEST FRIEND TREAT IT AS SUCH

TWO ISS! I'VE GOTTEN SEPARATED FROM MY UNIT

HEY DID YOU ENLIST OR WERE YOU DRAFTED?

REQUEST PERMISSION TO GO TO CITY SARGE

PERMISSION DENIED













D.C. GIRLS



VONNEGUT'S SLAPSTICK



CARNY PEOPLE



NEWTON PORTFOLIO

**"SLAPSTICK OR LONESOME NO MORE!"**—A BIG CHUNK OF THE NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF *BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS* AND *SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE*—**KURT VONNEGUT, JR.**

**"THE NEVADA WHITE HOUSE"**—EXCLUSIVE: THE SECRET HISTORY OF OUR GOVERNMENT FOR THE PAST 20 YEARS, STARRING HOWARD HUGHES, RICHARD NIXON AND THE CIA—BY **LARRY DUBOIS** AND **LAURENCE GONZALES**

**"THE GIRLS OF WASHINGTON"**—YOU WON'T FIND THEM ON YOUR GUIDED-TOUR ITINERARY, BUT THEY'RE CAPITAL ATTRACTIONS. ELEVEN PAGES OF 'EM, INCLUDING THE FEMMES FATALES OF POLITICS, **FANNE FOXE** AND CONGRESSMAN WAYNE HAYS'S HEADLINE-MAKING SUPERSECRETARY, **ELIZABETH RAY**

**"CARNY PEOPLE"**—SHAKE HANDS WITH CHARLIE LUCK, THE FAT LADY, TOMMY TUNA AND THE REST OF THE MADCAP GANG OF RIP-OFF ARTISTS—BY **HARRY CREWS**

**"PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW"**—OUR GRID HANDICAPPER HAS FIVE TIMES BEEN THE NATION'S TOP FOOTBALL PROPHET. WATCH HIM TRY AGAIN—BY **ANSON MOUNT**

**"WILL CARL DIVORCE MYRNA?"**—OR WILL PHOEBE'S DAUGHTER WED THE ILLEGITIMATE SON OF MACK TRUCK? TUNE IN TOMORROW, AND TOMORROW, AND TOMORROW. A SOAP-OPERA QUIZ—BY **JOHN BLUMENTHAL**

**DAVID BOWIE** TALKS ABOUT HIS LATEST IMAGE, THE CRAZINESS OF THE MUSIC BIZ AND THE JOYS OF SEXUAL SWITCH-HITTING IN A FAR-OUT **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"NEWTON'S PHYSIQUES"**—SIR ISAAC WOULD BE ASTONISHED AT WHAT HELMUT DOES WITH WOMEN. BUT THEN, SIR ISAAC NEVER HAD A CAMERA. WILD PHOTOS—BY **HELMUT NEWTON**

**"STUDENTS AS CONSUMERS"**—THE LATEST COLLEGE MOTTO IS "SUE THE BASTARDS!"—BY **ROBERT S. WIEDER**

**"PATENTED SEX"**—INGENIOUS DEVICES REGISTERED WITH THE U.S. PATENT OFFICE, FROM A BALL-BREAKING ERECTOR SET TO A PAIR OF STIRRUPS TO KEEP YOU IN THE SADDLE

**"BACK TO CAMPUS"**—THE NEW MOOD AMONG COLLEGE STUDENTS IS REFLECTED IN THEIR CLOTHES—BY **DAVID PLATT**



# THE MAN WHO CONTROLS CORPORATIONS OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO CONTROL HIS OWN CAR.

Even as you read this, somewhere in America—perhaps rounding a tight curve or passing a long truck on a high-speed expressway—there is a man who controls thousands of people and millions of dollars struggling to maintain control of his own automobile.

Could it be that, in their headlong race to supply the utmost in luxury, the luxury car makers of the world have forgotten that eventually a car must be driven?

At the Bavarian Motor Works we have a wholly different approach to building luxury sedans.

While conventional luxury sedans may reach their performance peak sitting in the driveway, a BMW is designed for long trips on high-speed expressways and twisting mountain roads.

**YOU DRIVE A BMW. IT DOES NOT DRIVE YOU.**

Road holding—driver control—is largely the function of a car's suspension system.

And to be a bit blunt, BMW gives you a superior suspension system. Instead of the "solid-rear-axle" systems found in all domestic—and many foreign—sedans, the BMW suspension is fully independent on all four wheels.

And this combined with a multi-jointed rear axle, allows

The 100 ft. Skid Test designed by Road & Track magazine to measure steering response. The BMW 3.0Si set the record at a steering rate of 10.8 mph.



each wheel to adapt itself independently to every driving and road condition. Smoothly and precisely.

**MORE POWER TO THE POWERFUL.**

To the owner of a BMW, sluggish response need never be a concern.

Beneath the hood of the BMW 3.0Si, is a singularly responsive 3-liter, fuel-injected engine. Patented triple-hemispheric, swirl-action combustion chambers develop remarkable power from relatively small displacement. With a smoothness and a precision that will spoil you for any other car.

**THE INTERIOR: A VICTORY OF THE FUNCTIONAL OVER THE FRIVOLOUS.**

While inside, the BMW features as long a list of luxury items as one could safely require of an automobile. Its luxury is purposefully engineered to help prevent driver fatigue.

All seats have an orthopedically molded shape. Individual seats are



40-42 mph, 4.0 seconds. It's faster than many sports cars and something completely unexpected in a luxury sedan. (By the editors of Motor Trend magazine in the BMW.)

adjustable forward and back—with variable angle seat back and cushion supports.

All instruments are clearly visible, all controls are readily accessible. Intelligent restraint? Yes.

Yet no less a connoisseur of opulent motorcars than the automotive writer for *Town & Country* magazine was quoted after having driven a BMW as saying, "I came away with new parameters to measure other cars by."

If you'd care to judge for yourself, we suggest you phone your BMW dealer and arrange a thorough test drive.



**The ultimate driving machine.**  
Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, Germany.

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further information, you may call us  
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Circle 1 on Reader Service.

